This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

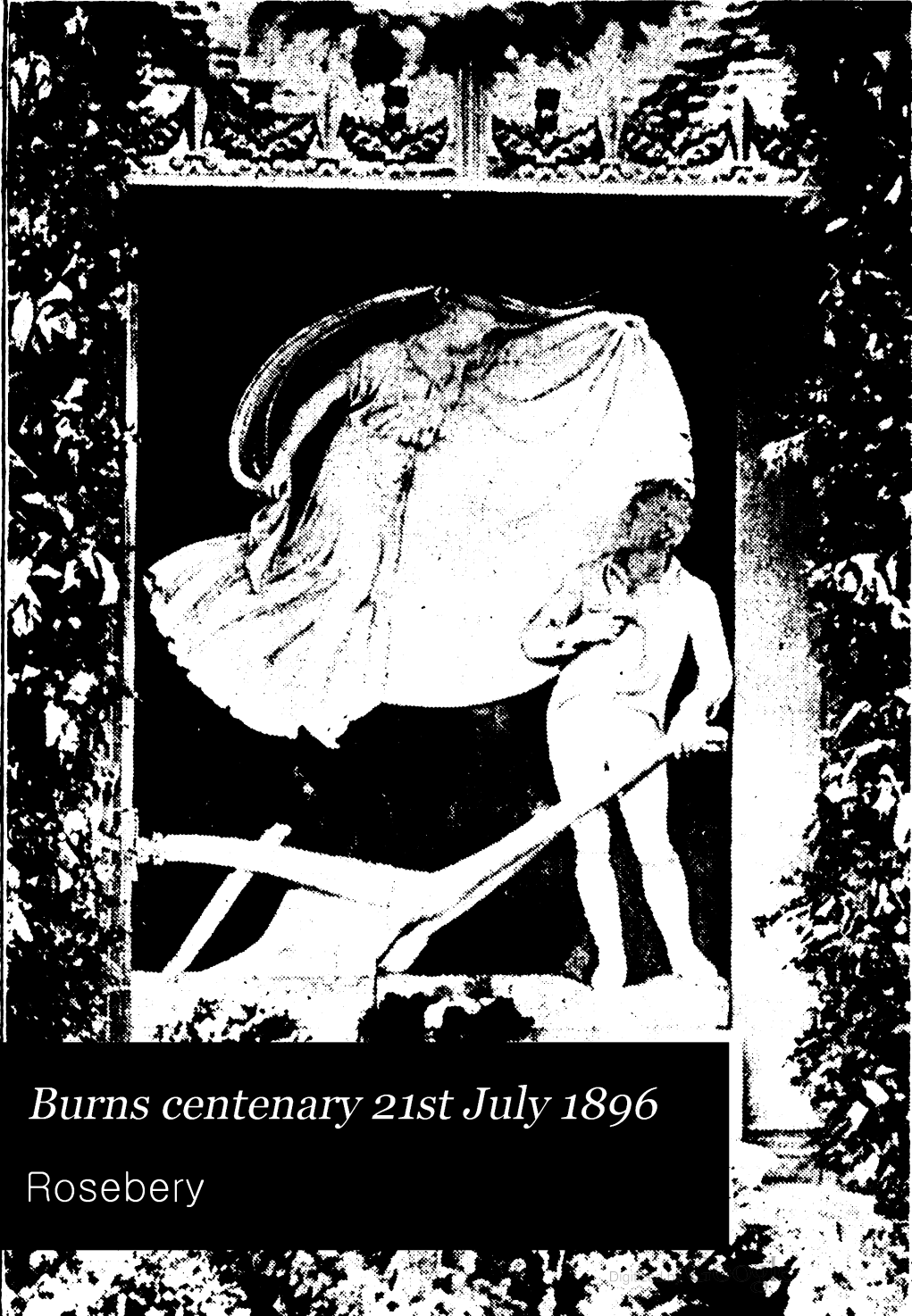
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



Burns centenary 21st July 1896

Rosebery

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

PURCHASED FROM THE

COL. WALTER SCOTT FUND

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Thame.

Digitized by Google

BURNS CENTENARY

21ST JULY 1896

GREAT DEMONSTRATION AT DUMFRIES

(WITH ILLUSTRATIONS)

SPEECHES BY LORD ROSEBERY AT DUMFRIES AND GLASGOW

Reprinted from Dumfries & Galloway Standard

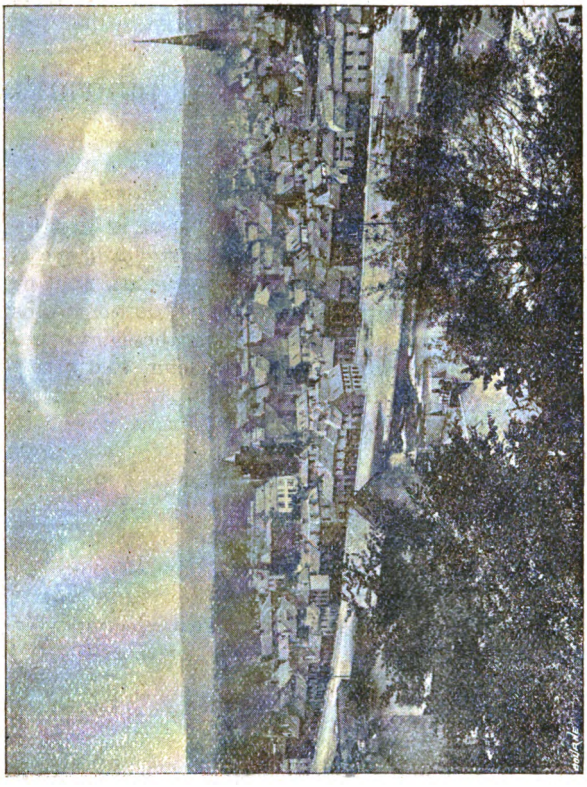
SECOND EDITION

"Jean, one hundred years hence they'll think mair o' me than they do now"

DUMFRIES
PRINTED BY THOS. HUNTER & CO., STANDARD OFFICE

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
2672654
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1926 L



DUMFRIES, with Whitesands in the foreground, as seen from the other side of the river.

Digitized by Google

PREFATORY.

A SPECIAL EDITION of the *Dumfries and Galloway Standard* containing an elaborate account of the proceedings in this town on the 21st of July was published at five o'clock on the evening of that day; and of this and next day's issue combined over nineteen thousand copies were printed. The publication was completely exhausted within forty-eight hours; and numerous applications continuing to come in, the narrative is now reproduced in book form.

Errors incidental to unavoidable haste have been corrected where observed; and the record thus revised has been extended by the inclusion of the magnificent speech which Lord Rosebery delivered in Glasgow under the auspices of the Burns Exhibition Committee. Additional illustrations have also been introduced. Among these are a view of the impressive ceremony at the Mausoleum, and a very effective impression of Turnerelli's sculpture of the Muse of Poetry finding Burns at the plough. The former was photographed by Mr Moryson; the latter by Mr Mackechnie, Dumfries. To both gentlemen we have to express our indebtedness for permission to use the prints.

Numerous photographs of the procession have been secured by various artists, and are on sale at the bookshops. These we have not sought to embody; for excellent though most of them are, it is impossible to make a selection which would convey any adequate idea of the length and picturesqueness of the unique parade.

One remark is suggested by them. They reveal no dense crowding at any point of the route. The reason is, that the windows of shops and houses were packed with spectators, and the people in the streets kept position while the march went past. An immense number of strangers visited the town; and but for panic alarums which had been raised of the possibilities of accident from swaying multitudes in narrow thoroughfares—an ambulance corps was a part of the

Digitized by Google

advertised precautionary measures—the number would perhaps have been doubled or trebled. Even then there would have been space sufficient for the procession to pass in perfect order.

There was no accident attributable to the day's proceedings. We have the utmost satisfaction in accentuating this fact in the present publication, which forms their fullest chronicle. It will, we trust, be preserved as such in many a Scottish home. For those proceedings, which were more than national, will long possess a wide-spread interest. The fame that Burns predicted for himself a hundred years ago will be greater a hundred years hence; and the words of Lord Rosebery, who has witnessed and taken part in not a few splendid pageants in this and other lands, will then be recalled. "I can say now in cold blood," we quote from his Lordship's charming letter to Provost Glover, with reference to the Dumfries commemoration, "that I think it was by far the most interesting memorial ceremony that ever I witnessed."

T. WATSON.

DUMFRIES, August 6, 1896.

SECOND EDITION.

The first edition, consisting of 2000 copies, was sold out within ten days. There being numerous orders still unexecuted, a second edition of 1550 copies is now issued. A description of the reception of the Australian wreath on the 7th of August has been added in the form of an appendix, and the reports of Lord Rosebery's speeches have been compared with the authorised text. It is not the least remarkable of many evidences of the wide-spread interest in the Dumfries demonstration that the first edition of this account of it has been so quickly exhausted and a second called for. In the history of the local press there is absolutely no parallel to this experience.

T. W.

August 21, 1896.

Digitized by Google

CENTENARY OF THE DEATH OF BURNS.

COMMEMORATION IN DUMFRIES.

From the Dumfries and Galloway Standard, July 22, 1896.

EDITORIAL.

THE Centenary of the death of Robert Burns has been fittingly commemorated in the town where he died and which holds his dust. Yesterday his countrymen did not come to bury the poet but to praise him. All that could be buried of Burns was committed to the earth a hundred years ago. From lands beyond the seas and from many parts of our own land beautiful wreaths were sent or brought to be placed upon his tomb. There never descended upon the grave of any man in such manner and from quarters so remote so many of those chaste symbols of affectionate regard. The tomb and the space around it are literally shrouded with wreaths. But these were not bedewed by tears though composed in love. The time is too distant from the poet's death to be consecrated to sorrow. Yesterday's pageant was that of a festival, not that of a funeral. The decorated town, with Venetian masts erected in the streets, and gay-coloured streamers, the parade of arts and ndustries, civic authority and fraternal association, in the picturesque and imposing procession, the equal of which has not been seen in our midst, was expressive of pride, not

Digitized by Google

of pain. Homage was done at the shrine of a hero, of a prophet, by a people conscious of his living influence, and thankful for it. "We are a sort of poetical Mohammedans, gathered in a sort of poetical Mecca," said Lord Rosebery in his speech to the great meeting in the Drill Hall—a speech which is one of the tenderest and truest and most beautiful of all the contributions ever made to the fuller study of that wonderful peasant regarding the splendour of whose poetic genius even the critics are agreed, and whose massive and magnetic personality is all that the critics have to criticise; "and yet we are assembled in our high enthusiasm under circumstances which are somewhat paradoxical, for with all the appearance of joy we celebrate not a festival but a tragedy."

In a sense the life of every man and every woman may be said to be a tragedy. But Burns's life towards and at its close was peculiarly tragic. With the utmost delicacy, with the deepest sympathy, Lord Rosebery told the story afresh, in language which will not bear revision. It might have been happier for Burns, he thinks, had he died earlier. But posterity "could not have spared the songs which belong to those years [in Dumfries]; and above all that supreme creed and comfort which he bequeathed to the world, 'A man's a man for a' that,' would have remained undelivered." We remember a Sheriff-Substitute of Dumfriesshire—not Sheriff Campion—say of this song that it had done more mischief than any other ever written. For what is best in Burns, not for what is worst, he is by reactionary minds most condemned. It was this class of mind which had no word of censure for his excesses of appetite, but was ready to deprive him of his means of livelihood because of his political opinions, his sympathy with the cause of the French Revolution. There is much in the writings of Burns that is objectionable; but the most of it would never have been published by himself. In spite of it he is beloved and his fame extends. "To-day," said Lord Rosebery, "is not merely the melancholy anniversary of death, but the rich and incomparable fulfilment of prophecy. For this is the

Digitized by Google

moment to which Burns looked forward when he said to his wife—'Dont be afraid. I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at present.' To-day the hundred years are completed, and we can judge of the prediction. On that point we must all be unanimous. Burns had honour in his life-time, but his fame has rolled like a snowball since his death, and it rolls on. There is indeed no parallel to it in the world. It sets the calculations of compound interest at defiance. He is not," continued the orator, throwing off the solemnity, the sadness with which his eloquence had clothed itself, and arousing by a stirring passage the patriotic enthusiasm of his audience—"He is not merely the watchword of a nation that carries and implants Burns worship all over the globe as birds carry seeds, but he has become the champion and the patron saint of democracy. He bears aloft the banner of the essential equality of men. His birthday is celebrated a hundred and thirty-seven years after its occurrence more universally than that of any other human being. He reigns over a greater dominion than any empire that the world has ever seen. Neither does the ardour of his devotees decrease. Ayr and Ellisland, Mauchline and Dumfries, are still shrines to countless pilgrims. Burns statues are a hardy annual. Burns clubs spring up like mushrooms after rain. The editions of Burns are as the sands of the sea. The production of Burns manuscripts was a lucrative branch of industry until it was checked by the untimely interference of the law. No canonised name in the calendar excites so blind and enthusiastic adoration. Whatever Burns may have contemplated in the boldest flight of his imagination, whatever dream he may have fondled in the wildest moments of his elation, must have fallen utterly short of the reality, as we know to-day."

Not the least valuable of the products of the Centenary demonstration are the estimates of the poet and his work elicited from outstanding literary persons at home and abroad. Our readers will not fail to be struck by the critical penetration displayed by these; and to this quality

Digitized by Google

is added a strain of poetic feeling in the letter of the Italian Mario Pilo. The service that Burns has rendered to his country and to humanity is unspeakably great. "He grew up in a rural district, speaking a *patois* unintelligible to all but natives," said Emerson long ago, "and he has made that Doric Scotch a dialect of fame. It is the only example in history of a language made classic by the genius of a single man." Lord Rosebery said much the same thing yesterday. Burns has preserved the guid auld Scottish tongue; he has also recovered and for ever confirmed to us a nationality which was in some danger of disappearing altogether. The secret of his power is not so much his literary talent, though that is great, as the virile personality which enters into all his compositions. He is not dead, says the Queen of Roumania in her tribute of verse. He lives in his deathless song, and the song is deathless because he lives in it. His magnetic influence was phenomenal when he lived in the flesh. It survives in his verse when the flesh has long since subsided into dust. "Poetry was actually not his forte," said Mrs Riddell. "None certainly ever outshone him in the charms—the sorcery I would almost call it—of fascinating conversation, the spontaneous eloquence of social argument, or the unstudied poignancy of brilliant repartee." "His true life," said Lord Rosebery, "began with his death. With his death passed all that was gross or impure. The clear spirit stood revealed, and soared at once to its accepted place among the fixed stars in the firmament of the rare immortals." Burns was unquestionably the greatest poetic genius within these islands in his day or since; and some seven months before the death of Burns there was born in this same Border county one who was destined to be the most powerful intellectual and moral force of the Victorian era—Thomas Carlyle, a man who was the very antithesis of Burns in most respects, and was yet capable of presenting to the world the first just estimate of him and his work.

Digitized by Google

PRELIMINARIES.

The hundredth anniversary of the death of Robert Burns, which occurred in Dumfries on the 21st of July, 1796, was made the occasion of a popular demonstration, more imposing in its character, and which has evoked more widespread interest than any that has been witnessed in Dumfries within living memory, or of which the tradition lingers in the community. The work of organising was entered upon in good time, the initiative being taken by the Dumfries Burns Club immediately after their last 25th of January dinner. With the committee which the Club appointed were afterwards associated some other representative gentlemen of the town and district; and with the active assistance of Sir Robert Reid, M.P., who fills the chair of the Club this year, the sympathy of the Earl of Rosebery was early enlisted, and a degree of interest awakened which from the outset ensured a distinguished success. Provost Glover, as the official head of the town, appropriately filled the position of chairman of the executive; and in Mr Philip Sulley, of the Inland Revenue, they found an indomitable and enterprising secretary. In addition to the gentlemen on whom the burden of the arrangements lay, there was a lengthy list of honorary office-bearers, including many names eminent in literature, as well as those of gentlemen occupying outstanding representative positions. Appended is the complete roll of office-bearers and officials, honorary and active :—

President.—The Right Honourable The Earl of Rosebery, K.G.

Honorary Presidents.—The Duke of Buccleuch, K.T., Lord Lieutenant of Dumfriesshire; Lord Herries, Lord Lieutenant of Kirkcudbrightshire; The Earl of Stair, K.T., Lord Lieutenant of Wigtownshire; Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary of State for Scotland; The Right Honourable A. J. Balfour, M.P., First Lord of the Treasury; Sir Charles Dalrymple, Bart., M.P., Grand Master Mason of Scotland.

Vice-President.—Sir Robert Threshie Reid, Q.C., M.P., Chairman of Dumfries Burns Club.

Honorary Vice-Presidents.—Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Walter Besant, Sir Lewis Morris, Mr Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate; Mr Alexander Anderson ("Surfaceman"), Mr J. M. Barrie, Hon. T. F. Bayard, Mr Augustine Birrell, M.P.; Mr William Black, Rev. A.

Digitized by Google

K. H. Boyd, D.D.; Mr Hall Caine, Rev. S. R. Crockett, Mr John Davidson, Mr R. Le Gallienne, Rev. S. Baring Gould, Mr Thomas Hardy, Mr W. E. Henley, Mr Andrew Lang, Mr David Masson, Mr George Meredith, Mr W. M. Rossetti, Mr William Watson, Earl of Dalkeith, M.P.; Lord Young, Sir H. E. Maxwell, Bart., M.P.; Sir Mark J. M'Taggart-Stewart, Bart., M.P.; Sir Robert Jardine, Bart.; Sir James Crichton Browne, Mr Robinson Souttar, M.P.; the Right Honourable Andrew M'Donald, Lord Provost of Edinburgh; the Right Honourable Sir James Bell, Bart., Lord Provost of Glasgow; Mr Alfred C. Trevor, Edinburgh, Comptroller of Inland Revenue; Mr A. H. Johnstone-Douglas, Convener of Dumfriesshire; Mr W. J. Maxwell, Convener of Kirkcudbrightshire; Mr R. Vary Campbell, Sheriff of Dumfries and Galloway; Hon. Hew Dalrymple, Provincial Grand Master of Galloway; Mr J. H. Balfour-Browne, Q.C., of Goldielea; Mr G. F. Scott-Elliot, F.R.G.S., Newton; Captain Cutlar-Fergusson of Craigdarroch; Mr Robert Gordon, London; Mr J. J. Hope-Johnstone of Annandale; Mr W H. Maxwell of Munches; Mr Thomas M'Kie, Moat House; Mr Andrew J. Kirkpatrick, Chairman, Burns Exhibition, Glasgow; Mr W. Craibe Angus and Mr David Sneddon, Joint-Secretaries of the Burns Exhibition, Glasgow.

Executive Council.—Provost Glover; Mr Jonathan E. Blacklock, solicitor; Mr W. Bowron of Marchmount; Sheriff Campion; Mr J. Clerk, Langlands; Mr J. Carmont, banker; Mr R. B. Carruthers of Huntingdon; Mr S. Charteries, Rosefield; Bailie L. M. Dinwiddie; Mr W. A. Dinwiddie, Bridgebank House; Mr J. Daniel, chemist; Mr J. Geddes, solicitor; Mr H. Sharpe Gordon, solicitor, secretary to the Burns Club; Mr J. Grierson, town clerk; Mr J. Hiddleston, Dean of Guild; Mr W. M. Maxwell, bookseller; Mr T. K. Newbigging, Stewart Hall; Mr J. Primrose, solicitor; Mr C. S. Phyn, procurator-fiscal; Mr H. Symons, solicitor; Mr Law Starkey, organist; Mr T. Watson, editor of the *Standard*. *Honorary Treasurer*—Mr James Smith, Commercial Bank. *Honorary Secretary*—Mr Philip Sulley, surveyor of taxes.

WITH SIR R. T. REID.

To the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., lately First Minister of the Crown and a younger brother of Burns as honorary freeman of Dumfries, was assigned the most important part in the functions of the day. His Lordship arrived at Dumfries on Saturday morn-

Digitized by Google

SIR ROBERT THRESHIE REID, Q.C.,
Ex-Attorney General, M.P. for Dumfries Burghs.

Digitized by Google

ing, and was the guest of Sir Robert Reid, M.P., and Lady Reid, at Woodbank Private Hotel, which they had engaged for the centenary week. There also they had as their guests since Saturday Miss Fleming, the sister of Lady Reid, and Mr Munro Fergusson of Novar, M.P. Mr Augustine Birrell, M.P. for West Fife, was expected to join the party, but unfortunately at the last moment he found himself unable to fulfil the engagement. On Saturday Lord Rosebery and his host drove out to Friars' Carse, a place which is intimately associated with the memory of Burns, as the residence of his friend, Captain Riddell of Glenriddell. There they were received by Dr Rutherford, medical superintendent of the Crichton Royal Institution, to which the estate now belongs, and the Rev. John Paton, chairman of the house committee of the institution. They afterwards walked "adown winding Nith" to Ellisland, where Burns and his "Bonnie Jean" took up house together, and which witnessed his struggles with adversity as a farmer and his greatest flights of fancy as a poet. Mr and Miss Grierson shewed them over the house and steading, pointing out the window on which the poet's writing is to be seen and the stackyard associated with the composition of the most touching of his lyrics—"To Mary in Heaven." On the return journey to Dumfries a visit was paid to Lincluden Abbey, the "roofless tower" of the poet's vision, and a spot around which some of the important minor events of Scotland's history cluster. The same evening Sir Robert Reid entertained the members of the executive to dinner at Woodbank. On Sabbath forenoon the ex-Premier, Sir Robert Reid, and Mr Munro Fergusson attended St. Michael's Church, where the Rev. John Paton was the preacher, and they occupied the magistrates' seats. In the afternoon they drove to Caerlaverock Castle, the Ellangowan of "Guy Mannering," and visited the Brow. On Monday the distinguished party proceeded by rail to Dalbeattie, and spent part of the day in driving along the Colvend shore, a district rich in natural beauty and literary association, affording as it has done material for the pens of Scott and Crockett. In the evening Sir Robert Reid entertained the members of the Town Councils of Dumfries, Maxwelltown, Annan, Kirkcudbright, Sanquhar, and Lochmaben, with a number of ex-councillors and the officials of the respective burghs, to dinner in the Assembly Rooms. Lord Rosebery was again of the party, as were also Lady Reid, Miss Fleming, Mr Munro Fergusson, M.P., and Mr Robinson Souttar, M.P.

Digitized by Google

TRIBUTES FROM LIVING POETS AND LITERATI.

In anticipation of the anniversary a letter was addressed by the Honorary Secretary to a wide circle of persons of literary distinction, in the following terms :

"On the occasion of the centenary of the death of the great Scottish poet, Robert Burns, whose patriotic verses and love songs are among the chief glories of the nation, a commemoration will take place in this town, the scene of his later years and the resting place of his ashes. Then there will be assembled statesmen, poets, writers, and men of thought and culture, with the representatives of every land where our tongue is spoken.

"The Council, seeking all means to enhance and render worthy the celebration, consider if they can secure from the poets and literati of the world an estimate of the genius of Robert Burns and his influence, they will be enabled to lay a rich and valuable tribute on his tomb.

"May I therefore venture to solicit that you will honour Scotland with the favour of your estimate of the poet and his work, and of the place you would assign him among poets and song writers ?"

We reproduce the more important of the replies which have been received :

From the Queen of Roumania.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Scots, your Burns is not yet dead ;
His wondrous song has never fled.

Who'd laugh like thee and sing like thee,
And fecht at hame sae cantie, O !
And meet the Devil and Dundee
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O !

And be so brave and true, and say :
To your ain love aye faithfu' prove :
I went and took auld Robin Gray
As guidman for my mither's love !

Digitized by Google

O Burns! thou joy of my young heart!
Thou lark! thou soul of Nature's song!
A spark of thee and of thine art
Hath wander'd with me far and long.

Let the ripple of thy laughter
Rustling round me fly,
Gin a body kiss a body
Coming through the rye!

And let the man of State and Law
Believe himself a wise man,
While a' the time the Deil's awa'—
Has danc'd awa' wi' th' exciseman.

And let the poor Jennies
Beware o' the pennies,
The siller an' lan',
That gae them the hank'ring
The humming and cank'ring—
The peevish and jealous
And crazy auld man!

Go! rush along o'er land and sea,
For ever true to Charlie;
Like mountain rivers, strong and free,
Sing with your lark, O heroes ye!
True to yourselves and Charlie!

Scots! your Burns is never dead!
He's your heart and lip and head!
Scots wham Bruce has aften led—
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!

CARMEN SYLVA.

[In a note her Majesty says—"I must beg you to have the kindness to arrange the spelling. I have no copy of Burns here. I know his songs by heart, but not the Scotch spelling." The spelling of her Majesty's Scotch required almost no rearrangement.]

From Alphonse Daudet, dated Paris, 22d May, 1896.
(Translated.)

I admire, rather do I love, Robert Burns passionately, and however ignorant I may be of the language in which he sings of

Digitized by Google

his violet heaths and the blue eyes of his Jenny, still I always have his verses near hand on the shelf of the true poets, poets of Nature, near to our Pierre Dupont, singer of Strawberries and Fine Oxen

I have two fine oxen in my stable,
Two fine white oxen flecked with red.

But the Scotch bagpipe has more power and resonance than the pipe of Pierre Dupont of Lyons; and, in addition, your Robert Burns lived a hundred years too soon.

From "Ouida."

It is an infinite honour to be allowed to offer the expression of my warmest affection and admiration for the poet whose centenary you are about to celebrate. What higher place can we give to Robert Burns than that which he occupies by divine right in every heart in which the love of nature and the sense of song are present?

OUIDA.

6th July, 1896.

From Madame Adam, Editor of the Paris "New Review." (Translated.)

In haste between two journeys.

Paris, 13th July, 1896.

When one reflects that Robert Burns was the son of a peasant, that he composed his first verses at the age of 15, that he was ignorant of all that had gone before him, and that as Fame says he was so much in advance of his period that it took 40 years to find his successor—that Byron, Moore, and the great modern school of poetry came after him—one is astonished at his penetration, the insight of his genius, and deep questions offer themselves for examination by cultured men.

Is it this ignorance and the lowly rank of Burns which explain his extraordinary penetration? The communication with his own thoughts, some lines of Pope, some pieces of Shakespeare, formed the inspiration which nourished ideas both lofty and genial. His satires are a proof of the purity of his instincts. He criticises easily a society in which he had never mixed—a society which had no power to draw him within its circle. His poverty, his vices, make of him a revolutionary who approaches Nihilism.

Digitized by Google

He is a physician who intoxicates himself with his own drugs that he may understand the nature of the disease he would treat, and his power is such that although contaminated by the draught he has taken of his own freewill, he extracts from it fancies the most delightful, the most enthusiastic, the most lyric.

The conditions under which his life passed—conditions undergone and willed by himself—make of him the most engaging man it is possible to study, the greatest example of a many-sided nature one can admire. Comedy, humour, feeling, nobility, deep philosophy and brilliant fancy, shew him to be a true disciple of Shakespeare. Like him, he has the gift of mixing things material and visible with the world of his fantastic and ideal creatures, and will-o'-the wisps, witches, and spirits which haunt deserted ruins fill his poems. He pretends to believe in them as his fellow-peasants do, and it is perhaps to their simple tales that Burns owes the awakening of his imagination.

Nothing moves one more in Burns than his descriptions of the happiness of the humble peasant. In the whole of English literature there is no more beautiful tribute than his rendered to the virtues of the peasant, nor any finer description of labour's rewards.

He had the happiness of finding discriminating patrons. The literary society of his time and of his country honoured him as he deserved to be, and his country and Scottish society honour him still. Happy are they who write and are appreciated and understood.

P. JULETTE ADAM.

From Jules Claretie. (Translated.)

Comedie Francaise, Administrateur General.

11th June.

To furnish a complete appreciation of Robert Burns would require an amount of leisure which my administrative duties here do not leave at my disposal. I would not, however willingly, allow the centenary of the great Scottish poet to pass without sending as a flowerlet from France a thought regarding this noble, sincere, powerful spirit—powerful, because he has drawn from his native soil the inspiration of his songs and the patriotic sentiment of his writings. How can Frenchmen forget that from Robert Burns there broke forth a sigh of sorrow at the tomb of one of her dead heroes?

Digitized by Google

This man could say with pride: I am a peasant—a child of nature. He taught us to love nature. Thereby he gave the leading note to our poets of France, and in the bouquet of French poetry of the 19th century we shall find the red blossom from the Scottish heaths with which Robert Burns has adorned it—a blossom we shall not let wither.

JULES CLARETIE.

From Jules Lemaitre. (Translated.)

Beaugency, 15th June, 1896.

What little I know of Burns gives me the idea of a great poet—truly sincere and very savoury: something like our Pierre Dupont, but with far more art and power. I must express my great regret that my ignorance does not permit me to say more.

From Emanuel Heil (Translated.)

Brussels, 15th July, 1896.

I feel deeply honoured by your kindness in inviting me to contribute towards celebrating the glory of your great National Poet, Robert Burns, who is so well known in Flemish Belgium. I have translated several of his most beautiful songs, and my very good friend, Frans de Cort, the Flemish poet, has translated at least fifty.

On the occasion of the centenary my daughter and I have composed several verses in honour of the illustrious poet and inimitable songster of the entire world.

If our humble homage is well received by you, by the Dumfries Burns Club, as well as by the poet's countrymen, our hearts will indeed be satisfied.

If a translation of the two songs is needed we shall gladly make it.

From Dr Maurus Jokai, President of the Petöfi Club.

Budapest, Hungary, 8th July, 1896.

Permit me to send my felicitations on the occasion of the splendid national festival which is about to take place on the anniversary of the apotheosis of the great Scottish poet, Robert Burns.

Burns's works are exceedingly well translated into Hungarian by one who is himself an eminent poet (Joseph Levay, Prefect of Miskoler), and are a favourite study among my countrymen.

Digitized by Google

To his nation Burns was the same genius as Petöfi for our Hungary : the National Bard, who sacrificed himself on the altar of the two eternal ideas—country and love.

Allow me to place my homage on the Mausoleum of your illustrious poet, in the name of my Hungarian colleagues, members of the Petöfi Club, upon the tomb of this great genius, who has rendered himself immortal throughout all free nations, and accept my most cordial greetings for your Burns Club.

God bless your country.

From George Eekoud. (Translated.)

Brussels, 29th June, 1896.

Yes ! I consider your Burns one of the most beautiful poets of whom humanity has cause to be proud. I admire and love him as a friend, as a brother in the spirit. He is at one and the same time strong and sweet, and has nothing in common with those scribblers in metre, these rhetoricians, those imposters who are the plague of literature, and who, unfortunately, too often usurp the place and influence of the poets of nature, artists, and born geniuses. My heart will be with you on the 21st July.

From Angelo de Gubernatis. (Translated.)

Rome, 21st June, 1896.

To the whole of the great series of poets, which commenced in the middle of the last century and ended with the middle of this, whose restless spirit was ever seeking vaster horizons, whose sensitive, storm-tossed soul seemed to find a kind of madness even in their own sufferings, one can well apply the verse in which Robert Burns humbled himself before God—

> Thou knowest that Thou hast formed me
> With passions wild and strong ;
> And list'ning to their witching voice
> Has often led me wrong.

In Germany, from the author of Welhelm Meister and of Werther to Heine ; in Italy, from the author of Jacopo Ortis to Leopardi ; in France, from the author of the New Heloise to Musset ; in Great Britain, from Burns and Shelley down as far, perhaps, as Swinburne, it has been the absence of God, it has been the lack of a lofty and fixed ideal, which has permitted human feebleness, whether morally or physically diseased, to take the

Digitized by Google

upper hand, and to give to modern art a somewhat feverish tone. In the place of a fine soul inspired by the divine, one has seen the *animula blandula*, variable, sensitive, attach itself to many fleeting and unrealisable phantoms. Lamentable scepticism has taken the place of simple, candid faith, and consequently the same poet can invoke God or Satan with equal indifference, confounding the shadow with the light, as if the very name were slipping from his memory :—

> O thou ! whatever title suit thee—
> Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie ;
> . . . . . .
> Hear me, auld Hangie.

And it is also with an invocation to Satan that our powerful poet Carducci, who is called the Italian Swinburne, entered on his poetic career.

Thus readily, when the notions of good and evil are confounded, do God and devil change places, and poets, having too seldom ready inspiration, mount to glory on the wings of all the fallen angels.

But as for Burns, in spite of the sentiments and passions which belong to his period, he has a certain delicacy and refinement which seem to be his very own, and there are in some of his lyrics, in some bits of dialect, in a certain feeling of the Scottish soil, qualities which excite the lively admiration of a stranger ; and it seems to me, for example, that one would need to have a truly Scottish soul to fully lay hold of the beauties of the "Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots, on the approach of spring."

To the memory of Robert Burns, the great Scotch poet !

From the Italian Poet, Carducci. (Translated.)

Robert Burns appears to me to have laid open in the poetry of his country both doors and windows to the breath of revolution. In rough outline, in idyllic emotion, in sarcasm and in tenderness, in blasphemy and in prayer, in negation and in aspiration, and in lyric contrasts he seems to conjure up the ethics and æsthetics of a new philosophy.

For us on the Continent, mostly of Latin origin, he is like distant summer lightning, indicating a tempest of which we can only conjecture the force and the refreshing rain.

GIOSUE CARDUCCI.

Senato del Regno,
Bologna, 9th July, 1896.

Digitized by Google

From Signor Antonio Fogazzaro. (Translated.)

I admire Robert Burns, though I sometimes find it difficult to understand him. To a foreigner his language is somewhat obscure, but his soul is clear and limpid as I love to picture to my mind those mountain lakes which the author of "Waverley" has taught me to love. His soul seems to me to be not the soul of one individual but that of an entire people, composed as it is of so many various chords—his fatherland, the bottle, freedom, pleasure, melancholy, and the rest. He is reverend and loving towards God, familiar and social with "Old Nick," his passing loves and sentimental humours are innumerable. Little wonder is it that Burns is worshipped from the Orkneys to the Tweed. He has extraordinary richness of language, wealth of imagery, gracefulness, vivacity, delicacy of feeling, and a sincerity which sometimes, as in the "Tragic fragment," becomes affecting. But withal, I must sincerely confess that I cannot place him alongside those great poets, masters of human nature. He does not create new types, his muse diverts but does not inflame. His agreeableness is sometimes spoiled by certain mythological ornamentations, the tribute paid by him to his era.

Although, then, he is rather a great national poet than a universal one, all other nations should envy Scotland the possession of him; and every artist who in poetry honours the gifts of nature more than the discipline of art will reverence the volume,

> Where the Scottish muse immortal lives
> To sacred strains and tuneful numbers joined.

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO.

From Mario Pilo. (Translated.)

I am grateful for the honour you have done me in asking my opinion of your illustrious compatriot, Robert Burns, and I thank you still more for having used, in so doing, my native language, thereby shewing me that it is known and prized even in your distant and picturesque country.

Unhappily I am not in a position to return so exquisite a compliment. I know English, I read, appreciate, and admire your writers, but I should not dare either to write or speak your composite and difficult language lest I should do so incorrectly.

I only know a small portion of the works of your great poet—many of them, hard to translate, have in the sorry French transla-

Digitized by Google

tions to be found in Italy lost that delicate perfume which doubtless the local colour conveyed in words and phrases peculiar to the Scottish dialect, and almost incomprehensible by a foreigner.

By a singular coincidence, with the interval of a century, I was born on the same day of the same month and year as your Burns—thus the date of his birth, similar to my own, remained easily impressed on my memory ever since, a few years back, I learned it from his biography.

I believe, honoured sir, that my name must be known to you solely by my work, "Psychology of the Beautiful and of Art," which I published in Paris during the past year. In that book I have indicated clearly the criterion by which I judge a work of art. To me the fundamental basis of its æsthetic worth lies in its form and meaning, and this in the songs of Burns is perfect. His verses sound easy and sweet like a piece of music, the rhythm and refrains, the majors and minors move and follow and alternate with a graceful and alluring playfulness that combines the smoothness of a reed with the stately march of lofty poetry. Robert Burns has mingled in his verses all the treasures an imagination enriched with rural memories inherited from past generations, and lodged in the minds of his forefathers and in his own well-balanced and capacious brain; and looking in his portrait at those beautiful eyes alight with light and life, I can see that through his acute and healthy perceptions have passed visions which have thrilled him of the many-shaped hills and azure lakes under the changeful sky of Scotland, with its forests and green meadows, its birds, its flowers and perfumes, and its woodland sounds—all these have illumined his soul, and through his pen have taken form and expression in rhyme and epigram, sincere, spontaneous, luminous, and sparkling; not spoiled and deformed as only too often happens in an old Latin system by deceitful pandering to rhetoric and erudite mummifications of classicism. But he has added to these a gentle breeze of spirituality: here are shown delicate sentiments, spontaneous emotion, throbbing of a human heart; there a sly smile, an impassioned tear, or an ingenuous enthusiasm. This is in my opinion the true, the characteristic nature of your poet, from the little I know of him. Beyond this he does not go: this was his world, out of which he did not wish to, possibly could not, escape. Wide conceptions of thought were not made for him; mystical visions of transcendal idealism did not trouble his simple and positive soul. *Talis homo, talis ars*—to see things clearly and

Digitized by Google

intensely, to feel them intensely, and straightway to express them in words, living, real, and true to nature: this was Burns's gift. His poetry was and could only be that of feeling and sentiment. In this limited horizon he was truly great, and, equalled by few, he has probably been surpassed by none. To me, who am a visionary, a lover of eternal poetry, of light and verdure, his poetry is profoundly touching. I thank you again, sir, for having afforded me this opportunity of honouring your great poet.

MARIO PILO.

From A. Graf. (Translated.)

I answer your courteous invitation. Robert Burns seems to me to be worthy to be admired among the most admired, for he became and remained a great poet in a condition of life in which others would have become less than man.

A. GRAF.

Turin, 23rd June, 1896.

Digitized by Google

HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES, 1896.

THE DECORATIONS OF THE TOWN.

The decoration of the streets, public buildings, business premises, and private dwelling-houses was gone about in a more systematic manner than has ever before been seen in Dumfries. This was due to the initiative of Mr Bowron of Marchmount, who was the means of convening a meeting of merchants along the first and principal line of the march of the procession, and the exertions of a committee which was appointed at that meeting, and of which Treasurer Cumming was the convener. They undertook the decorations from the New Bridge to Nithsdale Mills, and entered into a contract for that purpose for £100 with Mr J. J. Clark, with whom were associated the Messrs Piggot Brothers, London. The committee subsequently added to their sphere of operations Academy Street, Lovers' Walk, Rae Street, and Catherine Street, together with the entrance to the town from the station. Later

Digitized by Google

on a second committee was formed, of which Councillor Lawson was the chairman, which took charge of the decorations in English Street and Queen Street, and they let the contract for the decoration of this part of the town to Messrs Dunbar, Son, & Pattie, acting in conjunction with Messrs Legg & Co., Birmingham. The former firm was also entrusted by the Town Council with a contract for the decoration of the Town Hall, the Burns Statue, and the Midsteeple, while Mr Clark was charged by the Water Commission with the adornment of the Fountain. Supplementary efforts were also made for the decoration of Friars' Vennel and Queensberry Square.

Coming to deal with the decorations more minutely, at the New Bridge end of Buccleuch Street was erected a very artistic banner-arch, consisting of two thirty feet Venetian masts, each surmounted by a royal crown, with the motto, "We'll a' be prood o' Robin," in silver lettering on a blue ground, and facing both sides. Mr W. A. Dinwiddie, manufacturer, displayed on the front of his residence at the end of the New Bridge a very effective and appropriate piece of ornamentation consisting of a gilt plough, with a lyre above, and below the couplet from Burns's address to the Dumfries Volunteers :—

> But while we sing God save the King,
> We'll ne'er forget the people.

Along Buccleuch Street were erected Venetian masts at twenty yards apart, arranged in alternate heights of twenty-eight feet and twenty-two feet, and the twenty-eight feet masts were connected across the streets with lines of one and a half and one yard flags. The masts were decorated with festoons of streamers. At the entrance to St George's Halls there was an effective display of flags, and across the street on twenty-eight feet masts was the motto, "For Auld Lang Syne." The Post Office was gay with trophies of flags. The Town Hall was elaborately and artistically treated. It was ornamented with crimson cloth, draped with amber fringe the full length of the cornice of the building. Two national flags floated on the top of the building and a flag at each corner. Eight trophies of flags were arranged on the building with heraldic shields, the royal arms being displayed over the doorway, and there were also Venetian banners and the motto over the portico, "Hail Scotia's Bard." The pillars were prettily festooned with artificial flowers. Treasurer Cumming displayed trophies of flags from his business premises. Castle Street was treated similarly to Buccleuch Street as regards general decoration ; a motto displayed here being from the song "Green grow the rashes," viz., "The Lassies, O !" Above Mr Biggar's premises and also Provost Glover's were trophies of

Digitized by Google

flags, and Messrs Lennox & Son put up the Royal Arms and also the arms of Lennox, as well as a rich display of banners. The Burns Statue naturally was the object of special treatment, but care was discreetly taken not to hide the figure in the decorations. There were four poles covered with green cloth erected at equal distances round the statue. On these were erected a dome of evergreens, and from the centre a basket of flowers was hung above the head of the figure. On each banner there were also trophies of flags and Venetian banners. In Church Place were Venetian masts at ten yards apart, fixed in the roadway, decorated with garlands of evergreens and streamers. Church Crescent as far as the Academy gate had masts at twenty yards apart with side festoons of bright streamers. Mr A. Pringle adorned his premises with trophies of flags, and Mr Oughton treated the Royal Restaurant in a manner which gave it a gay and brilliant appearance. Mr Andrew Boyd, with a tasteful arrangement of artificial flowers and banners exhibited, made up an effective display. Mr M'Lean exhibited a buirdly Scotch thistle. Crossing the street opposite Mr Buchan's establishment was hung a line from the poet Campbell's tribute to Burns,

High Chief of Scottish Song,

in silver letters on red ground. On Saturday Mr Thomson put up opposite the "Hole i' the Wa'" a staring business sign, into which was impressed a line of the poet's, and later there was added a picture of the old chapel erected by Lady Christian Bruce in memory of her husband, Sir Christopher Seaton, on the site where St. Mary's Church now stands, with a fanciful picture of the old town wall in the same neighbourhood; but in deference to public feeling he gave an undertaking that the aggressively commercial display, with its invitation "Tak aff yer dram," would be taken down, and this was done on Tuesday morning. Along the High Street to the Midsteeple were placed Venetian masts at twenty yards apart, each being decorated complete, and having lines of one and a half and one yard flags across the street, and streamers along the route. From the Monument in Queensberry Square were four lines of national flags and streamers extending to the four corners of the Square. At the *Standard* Office was one of the most appropriate designs. Above the first storey was a wooden plough, of the kind in use at the time of the poet, over it the motto, "God speed the plough," and beneath the legend, "The poetic genius of his country found him at the plough." These were surmounted with an arch of evergreens and bunches of daisies and other flowers, with a Scotch thistle at the side. At the Midsteeple four national

Digitized by Google

flags were displayed on poles at each corner of the building, and four strings of flags from the flag-poles to each corner to the lower portion of the building. Streamers and flags were hung from the centre pole to the front corner of the Steeple, and two flags to the parapet of the shops. There were in addition five trophies of flags with heraldic shield and four Venetian banners. In the narrow portion of High Street at the side of the Midsteeple there were placed lines of three, four, and five yards flags fixed every ten yards from the buildings. Messrs Moffat & Turner had a very effective display of flags, and above the door of Mr Hyslop's shop on the same side were the words "Peace and Prosperity." The premises of Messrs T. Kennedy & Coy. were elaborately adorned with evergreens and flags, the whole forming a very pretty display. The *Herald* Office exhibited an inscription,

A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And faith he'll prent it.

Above the shop of Mr J. S. Thomson a large Scotch thistle was placed, with the motto lines :—

The rough burr thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turned the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear.

Messrs M'Gowan & Co. had as the centre of their decoration the lines—

He'll be a credit to us a' ;
We'll a' be prood o Robin.

The wide portion of High Street from the Midsteeple to Assembly Street was specially treated. There were Venetian masts at fifteen yards apart, and they were connected and decorated complete with double festoons of streamers. The Co-operative Society had an effective display of trophies of flags. The Fountain received elaborate treatment. Five poles festooned with green and hanging from the top to the adjacent buildings on both sides were lines of evergreens and flags. Over the entrance to the Commercial Hotel was the motto, "Refreshments for peer and peasant, with a Highland welcome," and the King's Arms Hotel on the opposite side was decorated with royal blue and trophies of flags. Spanning the High Street at the junction with Assembly Street was the motto :—

Gi'e a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's toothache.

Mr Peter Stobie's windows were tastefully festooned in cloth of various colours, the decoration being exceedingly chaste and artistic. At the entrance to the Globe Hotel were shields and trophies of flags and festoons of evergreens. There was a very appropriate display

Digitized by Google

at the Liberal Rooms. A portrait of the poet was exhibited, with the dates beneath on each side, 1796 and 1896, and over it was a real Scotch thistle immediately in front of the centre window of the building. A border of ivy encircled round the portrait, and below was the motto, in Lord Rosebery's colours—on a primrose ground with lettering and border of rose colour—

Man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be, for a' that.

From the window on either side were hung the two handsome banners of the Burgh Liberal Association and the County Liberal Association. The premises of the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Co-operative Society were tastefully adorned with flags and other ornaments, as was also the New George Hotel. A little further down was the motto, "Hey the merry ploughmen!" and at the foot of Southerngate Brae "Our peerage he o'erlooks them a'," which might be interpreted as the spectator preferred, either as referring to Burns's genius raising him above the aristocracy, or as a personal compliment to Lord Rosebery. Down the narrow portion of High Street and Nith Place to the Mechanics' Institute were placed lines of two and a half, three, and four yards flags, arranged twenty-five yards apart, and fastened from the buildings. The Mechanics' Institute was embellished with trophies. Venetian banners and two large flags were displayed from the building. St. Michael Street had Venetian masts at thirty yards apart, all connected across the street with bright streamers; and in this neighbourhood were the mottoes—"Contented wi' little an' canty wi' mair," and "The man's the gowd for a' that." From the premises of Mr Tinning, joiner, a large flag was suspended, bearing a verse from "A man's a man for a' that." The last banner arch in this line of route was at the end of the churchyard wall, and on it was the line by the American poet Halleck on Burns:—"Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines." Moorheads' Hospital was bright with flags and shields.

The house in which Burns died, in the little street off St. Michael Street which now bears his name, was very tastefully decorated under the direction of Mr M'Lellan Arnott, artist, the work being carried out by the boys of the Industrial School. On each side of the doorway was a large Scotch thistle. Each window of the house was surrounded with roses, ivy leaves, and evergreens, and over the doorway extending the full length of the building was the line from "The Vision," in red letters, "All Hail, my own inspired Bard." On each side were lyres on white banners with red border. Over the marble tablet on the right hand side of the door were two wreaths composed of "the wee, modest,

Digitized by Google

crimson tipped flower." The Union Jack was displayed from the flag staff of the Industrial School, and the bust of the poet in the front wall was surmounted by a laurel wreath and surrounded with evergreens. Private houses in this street were also profusely treated with ivy and other decorations.

A very graceful and appropriate piece of decoration was designed by Mr T. C. M'Kettrick of Viewfield and carried out to his order, at the house immediately adjoining the churchyard gate. Here was a wreath of evergreens, from which hung pendants of laurel, and on it were the lines embodying the Muse of Coila's salutation to the poet—

" And wear thou this "—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head.

The decorations along Glebe Terrace to English Street were not particularly elaborate. A private dwelling displayed the words, "We'll a' be proud o' Robin," in the midst of evergreen decorations. All along Cresswell Terrace, Queen's Place, and Queen Street strings of flags were hung across the roadway at short distances. At the top of Queen's Place there were suspended from an arch of flags the words " We hail an honest man." From the Parish Council chambers in Queen Street was suspended a banner of the Independent Order of Oddfellows. English Street presented a very gay appearance with its strings of fluttering flags and streamers of all patterns and many nations. An arch at Jubilee Buildings upheld the words, " Burns and Dumfries." Another beside Mr Fraser's shop had for motto the line—" Such is the fate of simple bard." A four pole arch, erected by the joint-committee of the town, was placed opposite Kirkbank, the poles being entwined with strings of decoration, and it bore the legend—" Better a wee bush than nae beild." At Kirkbank Gate there was a pretty and effective arch formed of national colours, surmounted by a portrait of Burns in a frame of pink, with the motto below, " All hail ! my own inspired bard." Flags were also hung from Kirkbank House. Flag arches were also erected at the two entrances to the station, on each of which were inscribed the prophetic words of Burns to his wife when on his death-bed—" I'll be more thought of, Jean, a hundred years after I am gone "—and which have to-day found more than justification. Following the route of the procession to Rae Street, Venetian poles were placed along the street, and numerous arches spanned the roadway. At the square where Catherine Street and Rae Street intersect, long strings of large flags were suspended between a pole erected on the central lamp and the four corners of the square at the end of Catherine Street. Facing Moat House was an arch bearing the words,

Digitized by Google

"The heart benevolent and kind," which formed a very proper compliment to Miss M'Kie, the generous benefactress of the town. Moat House was tastefully decorated with crimson cloth hanging from the parapet wall, and a trophy shield bore the inscription, "Adown winding Nith he did wander." Academy Street was also decorated, the stars and stripes of America finding a place amongst the flags. At Elm Bank, the residence of Mr Minto, there was erected an arch of evergreens, and several wreaths were displayed, together with the motto, "We'll a' be prood o' Robin." At the Caledonian Goods Station flags floated gaily, and at the entrance streamers and banners were displayed.

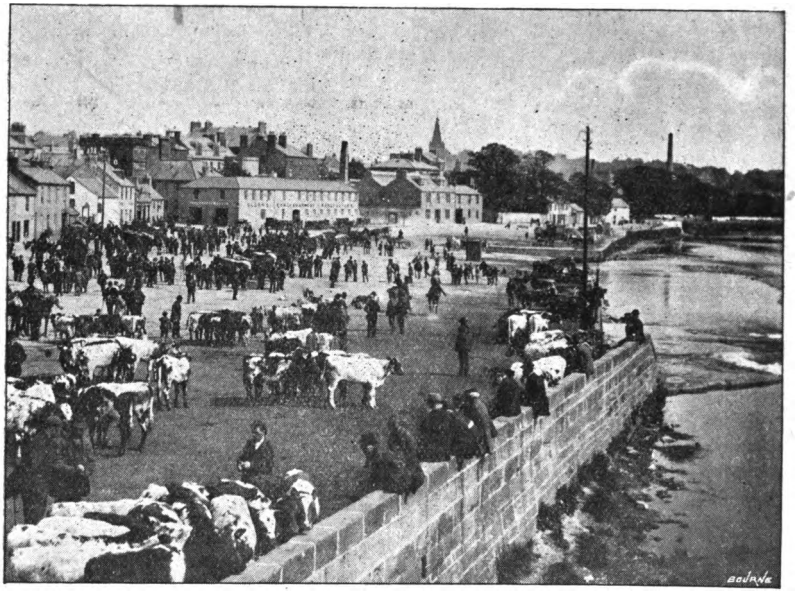
Among other mottoes displayed at different points of the streets were "For puir auld Scotland's sake," "Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair," "Thou Bonnie Gem," inscribed below a picture of a daisy; "My Bonnie Jean;" and

"A happy fireside clime
To weans and wife."

The venerable thoroughfare of Friars' Vennel was picturesquely bedecked with fluttering colours, one or two of the business places being set off with an ornamental arrangement of their wares on the walls. Strings of flags spanned Loreburn Street, and several other streets of the town not in the route of the procession were also more or less decorated. In front of the slaughter-house in Loreburn Street an ox's head was placed between two fine pairs of horns, the gateway being further adorned with evergreens. The decorations here were carried out by Mr S. Roddan, flesher, High Street, with assistance. The national banner of Scotland fluttered from the house in Bank Street where Burns lived after leaving Ellisland. At the New Bazaar Hotel there was a very effective piece of decoration, and the premises of Mr Niven, Mr Walls, Mr Foster, and Mr Maxwell were also gay with flags or other devices.

Maxwelltown being left out of the route of the procession there was no serious attempt at decoration made on the "Brig En'" side of the water. From several of the houses, however, flags and banners were suspended, and the new flag of the Town Council floated over the Town Hall. From Rosefield Mills were displayed three handsome flags—the centre one a shepherd check, and the other Scotch greys, all being the manufacture of the firm.

Digitized by Google



WHITESANDS, SHEWING CATTLE MARKET.

THE PROCESSION.

Tuesday morning dawned somewhat grey, but soon the sun shone through the cloudy screen, dispelling the last lingering fears that the weather might in the matter of the great demonstration in honour of Robert Burns prove the factor that would illustrate afresh the truth of his poetical aphorism—

> The best laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft agley.

Sunshine was the one element awanting to ensure the success of the centenary proceedings, and happily the face of nature shone sympathetically on the devotees of one who was so truly the poet of nature, animate and inanimate, sufficiently long to enable the out-door pageant to be got over without discomfort; but in the

Digitized by Google

afternoon "nature's teardrops" fell in occasional copious showers. For days before Dumfries had been the centre of attraction for many visitors, and by Monday our streets were paraded by a continual throng, in which mingled many from other Scottish towns and from over the border, and no inconsiderable sprinkling from the land of the Stars and Stripes, attracted to the shrine of one whose spell is cast over the whole Anglo-Saxon race. From an early hour in the morning special trains and country brakes and 'buses poured into the town a stream of holiday-makers intent on witnessing the great procession or taking part in it, or on being present at some of the important functions of the day. Locomotion became a work of difficulty before the morning was well advanced, and ere the procession was got under weigh masses of patient and cheerful humanity were closely wedged together along the footways of the principal streets lying in the route. Our visitors included a corps of reporters some seventy strong, bent on transmitting to newspapers throughout the kingdom and some beyond the sea a record of the memorable proceedings. Another important body on such an occasion are the constabulary, who are charged with the duty of seeing that order is maintained, and as far as possible danger of accidents averted. Chief Constable Malcolm had under his command a force of 130 strong, 60 being drafted from the city of Glasgow, 20 from Edinburgh, 40 from the county of Dumfries, and 10 belonging to the burgh. From six o'clock the town bells rang out merry peals. Dumfries itself was given up to holiday. The factories had been closed since Saturday, and the week's holiday of the building trades was in operation. The shopkeepers, however, kept open premises except during the procession hours.

The procession was the most gigantic of its kind ever witnessed in Dumfries, and the marshalling of it was a task entailing a very large amount of labour and ingenuity. The secretarial work of this department was assigned to Mr James Geddes, who bestowed much attention upon it, and he received valuable assistance from the marshals, the four chief of whom were mounted. Unhappily Captain Rea, of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers, was prevented by illness from fulfilling his appointment as chief marshal. His place was taken by Major Carlyle, of Waterbeck. The Burns Clubs, Freemasons, and Town Councils walking apart from their burghs, were marshalled by Mr Bowron of Marchmount, who was assisted by Mr S. Charteries, Dean Hiddleston, Mr T. K. Newbigging, and Quarter-Master-Sergeant Johnstone, of the Maxwelltown Volunteers. The trades, &c., from the fire brigades to the

Digitized by Google

vanmen, with the addition of Rosefield Mills, formed the brigade assigned to Captain Carruthers, of Lockerbie, assisted by Captain Geddes and Lieutenant Wood, of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers, and Sergeant Kivlichan, of the Maxwelltown Volunteers. Captain Geddes attended chiefly in the capacity of secretary to the Procession Committee. The section of the procession from the Foresters to the Locharbriggs quarrymen, excluding Rosefield Mills, and from the Newton-Stewart to the Sanquhar contingent inclusive, was marshalled by Lieutenant Kerr, Dumfries, assisted by Mr James Stewart, brewer, Sergeant-Instructor Murray, and Sergeant-Major Parkinson, of the Dumfries Volunteers. The remainder of the procession, comprising the trades, &c., the dairymen, and from the New Galloway contingent to the end of the procession, were marshalled by Mr F. C. Gray, Dumfries, assisted by Captain Phyn and Sergeant-Instructor Grierson, of the Maxwelltown Volunteers, and Mr J. W. Blacklock, accountant. The marshalling corps was further strengthened by non-commissioned officers of the 3rd V.B. K.O.S.B. and Galloway Rifles, and several other stewards.

It was on the Whitesands that the main body of the processionists mustered; and they occupied the whole of the long line from the New Bridge to the foot of Assembly Street. In addition, George Street, Charlotte Street, and part of Castle Street were taken up by the masonic and municipal bodies and by the members of Burns clubs.

The members of the Town Council of Dumfries, who headed the procession, assembled at the Town Hall, in Buccleuch Street, and departed from this point, preceded by the band of the King's Own Scottish Borderers Militia and four mounted police officers. Provost Glover, wearing his handsome new robe of crimson silk velvet trimmed with ermine, his cocked hat, and the gold chain of office, occupied the first carriage, in which also was placed the wreath to be presented by the Council; and on the box was seated the burgh officer in his picturesque costume. Six carriages followed containing the other magistrates, members of Council, and burgh officials. This was the first public occasion on which the Dean of Guild wore the chain of the old Incorporated Trades, which was lately assigned by the Council to the holder of his office. The Magistrates and Town Council of Maxwelltown followed also in open carriages.

BURNS CLUBS.

The procession of Burns clubs was headed by a waggonette, on the elevated sides of which were hung some twenty wreaths sent by foreign

Digitized by Google

and colonial societies, not otherwise represented in the procession; many being of exquisite flowers and design. The tribute of the Pennsylvania "Tam o' Shanter" club was composed of laurel and ivy leaves taken from the grave of the American poet, Walt Whitman. Other wreaths were exhibited from the Caledonian Club, Newark; the St. Andrew Society, Philadelphia; the Highland Society of New South Wales, the Caledonian Club, San Angelo, Texas, U.S.A.; Bank Burns Club, Glasgow; Union Lodge, Carlisle; Thames Burns Club, New Zealand; and Brechin Burns Club. The members of Dumfries Burns Club immediately followed the waggonette, making no special display beyond the wreath which they carried.

Next came Burns Howff Club, which very rightly occupied one of the leading positions among the Burns Clubs. Closely identified with the place where the Bard spent many happy evenings delighting his listeners with his brilliant wit, it was fitting that its members should turn out in large numbers and make a big and brilliant display on an occasion like the present. Early in the day they were on the *qui vive.* They assembled in the Globe Inn, from which the club takes its designation, and marched in procession to Elm House, Maxwelltown, the residence of the president of the club, Mr Andrew Lawson, being headed by the pipers under Pipe-Major Ancell, to be present at the ceremony of unfurling the new banner of the club, which was done in a graceful manner by Mrs Lawson. The banner contains a handsome representation of the Globe Inn, and has a border of yellow. Mr William Lawson, from the Ninety Club, Edinburgh (a nephew of the president of the club), assisted with the unfurling of the banner, and made a few appropriate remarks. It was mentioned in course of the proceedings that the club includes among its members a gentleman who holds the same position as the national bard did a hundred years ago, and also, in the person of Mr Halliday, plumber, one who in 1857 sealed up the casket containing the skull of the poet. The party were entertained to cake and wine by Mr and Mrs Lawson. The club took part in the Maxwelltown procession, and returned to the Sands at the appointed time. They carried a handsome wreath, in the form of a miniature plough, which had been presented to them by the trustees of the late Bailie Scott, an ex-president of the club, in fulfilment of his wish. Leading the contingent was a car carrying a representation of "Auld Lang Syne." On a banner were the words, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," and on the reverse side :—

We twa hae run aboot the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine.

Digitized by Google

Corresponding with that motto were two children, Jeanie Ramsay and John Tinning, who represented in life the works of the poet. Another banner bore the words "It's comin' yet for a' that," and on the reverse side, "The hert's aye the pairt aye." The whole representation was dome-shaped, and a plough at the apex completed an effective representation. Other decorations consisted of four sheaves of corn and heather from the Galloway hills. Two ploughs were exhibited—one a model in a case, the property of Mr Marchbank, joiner, and which was carried in the 1859 procession on the occasion of the centenary of the Poet's birth, and the other one the property of Mr John Kirkpatrick, engineer, Irish Street, which figured in the procession on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue. A lorry followed with a representation of "The poor and honest sodger," and the imaginary spot of the meeting of the two lovers. There was a good imitation of a corn field and stile, and the lovers were represented by Miss Maud Crosbie and Sergeant Somerville of the 3rd K.O.S.B. Overhead were the lines :—

Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never."

And on the reverse side—

But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour.

Another effective representation was that of "Scot's wha hae." Four Volunteers—two of the Dumfriesshire companies and two from the Galloway battalion—defended a bunch of Scotch thistles, which was surmounted by the motto, "Liberty's in every blow," on one side, and on the reverse, "Now's the day and now's the hour." A banner followed, which was painted by Mr William Raphael, and was presented to Miss Duff, Burns' Howff. Last but not least came a representation of "Tam o' Shanter," whose part was taken by Mr William Johnstone. The "grey mare Meg" was lent by Mr Johnstone, grocer. Mr Marshall lent the car which headed the procession ; Mr P. Crawford and Messrs Johnston, the Sands, the horses. Colour-Sergeant Smith was marshal.

Dumfries Mechanics' Burns Club turned out to the number of about forty. They were headed by a lorry containing a representation of "Highland Mary," and the attempt to represent the braes around the Castle o' Montgomery was very successful. At each corner of the lorry was a Scotch thistle, and at the rear were two bannerettes—one shewing two hands firmly clasped and the other bearing a heart. The painting was done by Mr George Graham, a member of the club, and the floral decorations were also executed by members. A wreath, made by Mr John Kemp, a member of the club, was carried by two members. It

Digitized by Google

consisted of white heart with black border surrounded by daisies. In the centre was a miniature representation of the poet with the dates on each side, 1796 and 1896, while below there were the couplet :—

The hert's aye th' pairt aye
That mak's us richt or wrang ;"

and beneath that was the line "A man's a man for a' that."

Dumfries Bazaar Burns Club had two tourist coaches handsomely decorated, and about forty members made a creditable display. A representation of "Tam o' Shanter" was very successful, and Robert Burns was found at the plough. He not only represented the bard, but actually bore the name of the poet, thus giving a peculiar reality to the representation. The collie was close to his heels, and the *tableaux vivants* was rendered increasingly attractive by the presence of "Coila," with extended arm, in the person of Miss Little. The representation was greeted with hearty cheers at various parts of the route. On the second lorry the kitchen of "Poosie Nancy" was represented with a gathering of worthies. The tourist coaches following were handsomely decorated. The original tower at Ellisland was also represented with considerable faithfulness, and a plough which was made from an Ayrshire model, and was constructed by Mr D. Kerr, the president of the club, was shewn. The ground work was made of wire, and it was deftly covered with flowers. The members of the club wore pretty rosettes.

"The Cronies" Burns Club, one of the most recent additions to these institutions in Dumfries, had engaged two vehicles for their conveyance. They had painted for the occasion by Mr George Graham a large banner, on which "the cronies" of the famous poem, "Tam o' Shanter" and "Souter Johnnie," are represented in the conventional attitude, and underneath is the line, "Tam lo'ed him like a very brither." It also bears the inscription—"Burns Centenary, 21st July, 1896." A series of groups designed to represent characters in the writings of Burns, and wearing the dress of the period, gave further character to this part of the procession. On a lorry were Burns, represented in the well-known stylish "Edinburgh dress," and "Annie," the heroine of "The Rigs of Barley," in appropriate peasant garb, print dress, shawl, and sun bonnet, surrounded by sheaves of grain, and neighboured by the motto, "I'll ne'er forget that happy, happy nicht." Most of the members were mounted on a char-a-banc. In front of it was a reproduction of the "Tam o' Shanter" group ; and on the last seat they reappeared with a third "cronie," in the person of the innkeeper, whose laugh a printed motto reminds us was "ready chorus."

Digitized by Google

Numerous lines from Burns adorned the vehicles ; among them—" He'll be a credit to us a'."

The newly-formed "Brig En'" "Burns Club were forward in strength to represent as a club the Maxwelltown side of the water. They were headed with the banner which has just been painted for the club, and which here played a part in a public function for the first time. Mr W. Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, accompanied the club, wearing his silver replica of the Craigdarroch whistle. All the members wore rosettes on which a photo of Burns was displayed. In addition a beautiful wreath, supplied by Mr James Service, Janefield Nurseries, Maxwelltown, was exhibited. A second lorry carried large floral models of a watering pan and two bee hives—sent by Mr Chalmers, Terregles.

AMERICAN AND COLONIAL SOCIETIES.

Many deputations had made special voyages from Canada and America in order to bear fraternal greetings to Scotsmen in "the old country" on an occasion of historic interest. The delegations included Mr Walter Scott, sen., of Brooklyn, New York, only brother of ex-Provost Scott, of Dumfries, who came as the representative of the Royal Order of Scottish Clans of the United States and Canada, of his own clan, the Mackenzie, and also of Clan Macdonald, No. 33, of which he had been elected an honorary member. He is a gentleman of 76, but hale in heart and limb, and did honour to the body accrediting him as he rode through the streets in a postilion chase. The Clan Fraser Society of Pantucket, Rhode Island, U.S.A., was represented by Mr Wm. Steel, who brought with him a handsome silk banner, consisting of the American flag, embellished with a ribbon and diagonal of the clan, and the legend, "Our Immortal Burns," with the name "Clan Fraser, O.S.C., No. 11." Another fringe of tartan was inscribed with the name of the town, and the banner was finished at the foot with a yellow silk fringe. The Montreal Caledonian Society sent as its representatives Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson, Mr Andrew M'Allister, Mr D. M'Kay, and Mr Gordon Drummond. The Caledonian Club of Washington, D.C., U.S.A., was represented by Mr Walter W. Nicholson, Academy Street, Dumfries. He spent six years in the district and recently returned, and was commissioned by the club to be present on behalf of the society and present their wreath. This wreath was of pretty design, and was in the shape of a harp. Mr John M. Brown, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A., represented the Scottish society and also Union Lodge No. 5, Fand, A.M. The Caledonian Club of Hudson, Canada, was represented by the first chieftain, Mr George Bartholemew. Miss Fowler and Miss

Digitized by Google

Piercy, both of the Fowler Institute, attended, representing the American section. In the conveyance of the Washington Club, D.C., were Mr John Kingan, delegate from Texas (son of Mr Kingan, Newabbey), and Mr F. MacNee, St Andrew Society of Buffalo, and while this vehicle was turning out of Charlotte Street into Buccleuch Street it was stopped for a minute by a mishap. The horse of Major Carlyle, who was riding up the street, slipped, and fell in front of the two horses of the carriage; but the Major retained his hold of the reins, and quickly remounted nothing the worse. Mr Robert Swan arrived rather late in the afternoon to represent the Caledonian Society of Toronto, and brought a wreath composed of wax representing maple leaves in the fall, with a silver inscription plate. St. Andrews Society of Toronto sent an illuminated address.

CLUBS AND ASSOCIATIONS REPRESENTED.

The clubs represented by deputation or wreaths were as follows: Scottish—Dumfries Burns Club, Dumfries Burns Howff Club, Dumfries Mechanics' Burns Club, Dumfries Bazaar Burns Club, Dumfries Old Cronies Burns Club, Maxwelltown Brig En' Burns Club, Alexandria, Alloa, Beith, Cumnock, Cupar, Dollar, Dumbarton, Dundee, Edinburgh, Earlston, Whitburn, Gala Water, West Calder, Forfar, Glasgow Royalty, Glasgow Bridgeton, Glasgow Rosebery, Glasgow Carlton, Glasgow Sandyford, Glasgow Springburn, Greenock, Kilmarnock, Mauchline Jolly Beggars, Muirkirk Lapraik, Musselburgh, Paisley, Perth, Perth St. Johnstone, Thornliebank, Abington, Alyth, Ayr, Bannockburn, Barns of Clyde, Lanark, Langholm, Larkhall, Belhaven (Wishaw), Brechin, Burntisland Locomotive, Carrick, Carstairs Junction, Coatbridge, Coatbridge North End, Corstorphine, Couper Angus, Dalkeith, Denny, Dennyloanhead, Duns, Edinburgh Ninety, Edinburgh South, Lady Lawson Street Burns Club (Edinburgh), the Highland Society of Edinburgh, Hamilton, Hawick, Irvine, Leith, Lenzie, Leslie, Linlithgow, Newton-Stewart, Peterhead, Pitlochry, Pollokshaws, Portobello, Renfrew, Sanquhar Black Joan, Stow, Tobermory, Uphall, Wigtownshire. English—Blackburn, Bolton, Carlisle, Coventry, Chesterfield, Derby, Liverpool, London, Warwickshire, Wigan, Wolverhampton, Ashington, Birmingham Scottish Society, London Galloway Association, Longtown, Newcastle and Tyneside, Bristol, Darlington, Hexham, Hull, Lancaster, Leeds Caledonian Society, Leeds Scottish Club, Newcastle Borderers' Association, North Shields Caledonian Association, Southampton, Whitehaven, Scots Lodge of London. Irish—Belfast, Belfast S. Andrew Society. American and Colonial—Rochester Ladies' Club, New York; Waverley

Digitized by Google

Society, Dayton, Ohio; Philadelphia Cronies, S. Andrew Society of Philadelphia, Philadelphia Burns Statue Association, Philadelphia Tam o' Shanter Club, Albany Burns Club, Albany S. Andrew's Society, Albany Caledonian Club, Troy Caledonian Club, Sons of Scotia, Cohoes, New York; Caledonian Club, Newark, New Jersey; San Angelo Caledonian Society, Texas; Clan Stewart Society of Winnipeg, Manitoba; S. Andrew's Society of Winnipeg, Manitoba; Scottish Clans of Manitoba; Clan Mackenzie, S. John, New Brunswick; Highland Society of New South Wales (Bathurst Branch); Auckland Burns Club, New Zealand; Dunedin Burns Club, New Zealand; Thames Burns Club, Auckland, New Zealand; Caledonian Societies of South Australia, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Perth, North Hudson County, and Fort Wayne, Indiana. The Scotsmen of Johannesburg sent a wreath. Councillor John Romans represented the Scottish Home Rule Association. The Heriot-Watt College Literary Society, the Edinburgh Dumfriesshire and Galloway Students' Association, and the committee of the National Burns Memorial, Mauchline, were also represented.

FREEMASONS.

The various Masonic bodies followed the Burns clubs. There was a natural appropriateness in this arrangement, as Burns took a keen interest in the craft, often sharing in the convivialities of the various lodges with which he was at different times brought into association, and repeatedly holding office in his own mother lodge. This circumstance is referred to in one of the masonic odes, of which he wrote several, in the verse:—

> Oft have I met your social band,
> And spent the cheerful festive night;
> Oft, honoured with supreme command,
> Presided o'er the Sons of Light.

The Masons assembled at the Masonic Hall in George Street, and about eleven o'clock started in procession, headed by the pipe-band of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers, under Pipe-Major Ancell. Two of the lodges, St. John's Lodge, Thornhill, and Thistle Lodge, Dumfries, displayed their banners. The whole of the brethren, numbering about three hundred, walked in full regalia. The Provincial Grand Lodge of Dumfriesshire was well represented, about thirty members turning out. The band of the 3rd Battalion Border Regiment, kindly brought by Mr G. A. Mounsey-Heysham, P.M., preceded the "Bective" Lodge, Carlisle. The following were the lodges represented, in the order in which they marched, with their leaders and numbers:—Provincial

Digitized by Google

Grand Lodge of Dumfriesshire (30 members), Bro. A. Johnstone-Douglas, P.G.M. ; Lodge Kilwinning, No. 53, Dumfries (25 members), Bro. Farrow, R.W.M. ; Thistle, Dumfries, No. 62, Bro. Bryson, R.W.M. (12 members) ; St. Michael's, Dumfries. No. 63, Bro. James Lennox, R.W.M. (12 members) ; St. Magdalene, Lochmaben, No. 100 (20 members), Bro. Dr Sanders, R.W.M. ; Eskdale, Langholm, No. 107 (12 members), Bro. H. Graham ; Caledonian, Annan, No. 238 (24 members), Bro. W. Murray, R.W.M. ; St. John's, Thornhill, No. 252 (14 members), Bro. M'Nay, R.W.M. ; Quhytewoollen, Lockerbie, No. 258 (20 members), Bro. Walker, chaplain ; Hartfell, Moffat, No. 728 (15 members), Bro. Steven, R.W.M. ; Leadhills, No. 567 (4 members), Bro. J. H. Dunlop, R.W.M. ; Provincial Grand Lodge of Wigtown and Kirkcudbrightshire (10 members), Bro. Major M'Haffie, D.P.G.M. ; St. John's, Newabbey, No. 162 (12 members), Bro. Dr Cameron ; Kirkcudbright, No. 41 (1 member), Bro. Finlayson ; St. James's, Ayr, No. 123 (1 member), Bro. Walker ; Renfrewshire East, No. 617 (1 member), Bro. Kennedy, P.M.; Union, Carlisle, No. 310 (18 members), Bro. Fletcher Ritson, R.W.M. ; Bective Lodge, Carlisle ; Sun, Square, and Compass Lodge, Whitehaven.

MUNICIPAL BODIES.

Moffat was represented in the procession by the Burgh Commissioners and several of the leading traders, driven in Mr Fingland's "Tibbie Shiel" four-in hand coach. They immediately followed the Freemasons.

The members of Lochmaben Town Council, also driving, and Provost Halliday wearing his official robe, had a place in the same part of the procession.

TRADES AND SOCIETIES.

It was on the Whitesands that the great body of the tradesmen and members of friendly societies assembled, together with contingents from other towns. They were headed by the Dumfries Volunteer brass band, and the premier place was assigned to the Dumfries Fire Brigade. The members, under Firemaster Beattie, ensconed on their fire-engine, which was drawn by two horses, made a very imposing show. They wore their ponderous-looking helmets and their fire costumes, and on the engine were displayed a number of brass conductors and stand pipes, furbished to their utmost brilliancy. They were immediately followed by the Moffat Fire Brigade, in their shining brass helmets. mounted on their engine, with a team of four handsome greys, driven by Cavers, the veteran whip of the St. Mary's Loch drive.

Digitized by Google

The tailor trade, which is one of our most venerable incorporations, acquires special distinction from the fact that they possess a prescriptive right to carry "the Siller Gun," which the British Solomon presented to the burgh, in virtue of the fact that it was won by a freeman of the craft and its official head on the last occasion when it was competed for. This was in 1831, the successful marksman being Deacon Alexander Johnston. Accordingly, with consent of the Town Council, they bore the trophy in the Burns birth centenary procession of 1859, and in the pageant at the unveiling of the statue in 1882. And here again the coveted trinket in its gilt case figures at the head of their body, carried by Mr Robert M'Dowall on a gay pole, surmounted by a crown; and two members of the trade marching with drawn swords figure as its guardians. Three flags gave an added bravery to the procession—one that belonged to the Incorporated Trade, dating back to 1832, the others embellished with trade emblems—and there were four stewards carrying rods of office.

About 60 painters and glaziers of the town came next in order. They were headed by a large banner bearing the inscription, "Dumfries and Maxwelltown operative painters, decorators, glaziers, and paper hangers." On the other side was the inscription, "Art makes the man, not man the art," on emblematic shields. Another banner and a flag each bore the painters' coats of arms. They also carried two banners with quotations from the poet's works. There was also a shield on which the tools of the trade were displayed. The men walked in their white jackets and aprons, with blue caps, and wearing rosettes.

The employees of the Dumfries Ironworks, who followed the painters, formed one of the most interesting sections of the procession. The detachment was headed with an emblematic banner. A lorry followed, on which a number of smiths were engaged rivetting. The lorry also contained a number of working model portable steam engines of various designs, made by several of the foundrymen. An old Chartist flag, with the inscription "Scotland shall be free," was also borne aloft. Next came the engineers carrying wheels and patterns and other specimens of their handicraft. A fine model of a locomotive, made by Mr John Cannon, an old employee of the foundry, and who at one period of his life followed, like Burns, the vocation of ploughman, was carried by two of the men. A neat model fire-range was carried "atop of a pole." On another lorry an anvil was placed in position, at which several of the smiths were engaged lustily swinging their hammers and "striking when the iron's hot." They numbered 50 in all, Mr William Kerr carrying the wreath which was to be placed on the poet's tomb.

Digitized by Google

Following the Dumfries Town Band came the hosiery workers of Dumfries and Maxwelltown in brave array, of both sexes, and mustering over two hundred. The men wore smart sashes of pale blue, on each of which were stamped the figure of a sheep and a representation of a "combination" garment, indicating the source of the material on which they work and the finished article; and beneath is the legend—"By these we live." First in the procession walked four men carrying the flag of the Dumfries stockingmakers' trade, with various emblems of the trade upon it and the date 1805. Then came one of the most interesting features in the procession in the form of a lorry gaily decked with heather and Scotch thistle, and having upon it a handsome 24-guage division frame, of recent pattern, at which a man was busy weaving a pair of combinations. Beside him two young women were winding yarn and making bobbins ready for the frame. Flags at the front angles of the lorry bore the name of the firm, James Dinwiddie & Co., which contributed to the procession a contingent of 64 men and 27 women. Following these were the workmen on foot and a number of the female workers also on foot; then a waggonette with a number of old men who were not able to walk through the streets. Messrs M'George's employees numbered about a dozen men and over sixty women. There was also a party of both sexes from Mr Gibson's factory. This part of the procession closed with two brakes filled with the employees of Mr J. A. Robertson at Saughtree, to the number of 25 or more, with a knitting machine at work on front of one of the vehicles. Numerous devices were carried indicating the class of manufactures produced by firms represented, including gloves, stockings, and combinations, fitted up in various styles of floral framework.

Of plumbers there walked in the procession some thirty. A handsome banner emblematic of the trade was carried at their head, and a number of specimens of their work, comprising pipes and other lead work, were carried by several of the men.

The Dumfries Lodge of Oddfellows (the "Robert Burns") turned out to the number of 60, many of the members walking in the procession in other capacities. At the head was borne the handsome banner of the Lodge, embellished with its name, and a symbolical picture of the Good Samaritan. On another banner were blazoned the emblems of the Order. With them were associated contingents from the "Queensberry" Lodge, Thornhill; the "Kenmure" Lodge, New-Galloway; "Barholm" Lodge, Creetown; "Sweetheart Abbey" Lodge, Newabbey; "Walton" Lodge, Kirkpatrick-Durham; and "Wigtonian" Lodge, Wigtown; and all the members wearing their aprons and

Digitized by Google

sashes, or other regalia appropriate to their offices, they presented a very smart appearance.

Next marched the Militia pipe band, and immediately behind them the Fleshers. The knights of the cleaver never fail to make an imposing display, and on this occasion they excelled themselves. At their head, on a lively charger, rode Councillor John Armstrong, president of the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Fleshers' Association, in the gay dress of a Spanish matador—a close fitting suit of crimson velvet, with gilt trimming, and a black cap with three pompadors; and a sword by his side. Behind him was borne a large new banner, which has just been painted for the association by Mr George Graham, Dumfries, the cost being about £20. In addition to the name of the association it bears the butcher's motto, "True to our trust;" the figure of a large bullock, with a man holding it by a rope attached to the horn; a number of smaller emblems; and a border of Scotch thistle. There were also carried two trade flags, dating back the one to 1869 and the other to 1827. The bullocks were there not only in pictorial counterfeit but *in propria persona.* A well-fed shorthorn found a temporary home on a small float, painted a bright blue, and decorated with white and blue cloth, sprigs of heather, and rams' heads and horns. Its neighbour—a sturdy cross-bred—had for triumphal or sacrificial car a lorry float covered with brightly coloured cloth and similarly ornamented. Members of the trade carried on poles several heads of Highlanders, with massive and shapely horns; and a great array of heads and horns of bullocks, deer, blackfaced sheep, and goats. A stuffed lamb was also borne aloft on a bed of heather. A number of the heads and horns were mounted on arches of heather, holly, rowans, and Scotch thistle, supported on blue-painted poles; and there were also several trophies of horns mounted on single flags. Altogether the display was one that did great credit to the trade.

The useful corps of man and boys who sell newspapers about the streets came next in order with a banner.

The vanmen turned out to the number of about 18, each with his horse and van. The front van bore several flags, and was driven by a vanman costumed in Buffalo Bill style, and the other vans were appropriately decorated and loaded to indicate the various trades in which they were employed. In one of the vans stood four young people attired as fishwives, with "Robin was a rovin' boy" inscribed above. A large haaf net was displayed in the one following. In another a very "big" loaf was ticketed "By this we live." Other vans were loaded with flowers and plants. The vans of Mr Peter Burns bore numerous portraits of his

Digitized by Google

illustrious namesake, as well as arrangements of his own temperance beverage. Mr Joseph Ross, Glasgow Street, Maxwelltown, had three vans, which were quaintly decorated with flowers, herbs, and quotations from the bard. Prominent on one van were two mighty rash bushes, lifted by the root, with the legend in large letters "Green grow the rashes, O." Another van was one blaze of gaudy colours, from a multitude of beautiful poppies, and bore the motto—"Pleasures are like poppies spread." For centre piece one van had an immense Scotch thistle, about 7 feet high, in full bloom. On another was a huge bottle, with the line—"A big bellied bottle's the whole of my care." The third van, which represented the tobacco pipe trade, was simply decorated, the entire top being covered with green sward in the form of a mound supporting a Scotch thistle, with low, wide spreading green leaves, while the grass was spotted with clumps of white daisies and Dumfries clay pipes alternately.

The members of the Foresters' Friendly Society, attired in their rich regalia, and preceded by the Wigtown brass band, numbered a hundred and twenty-five. "Robert Burns" Court, the senior branch of the Dumfries district, led the way. Their banner contained on one side a representation of Burns at the plough, after Turnerelli, surmounted by the designation, "Court Robert Burns Ancient Order of Foresters," and the motto, "Unitas benevolentia concordia;" while underneath were the lines—

For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be, for a' that.

On the reverse side was a painting of the Foresters' emblem. Next came Nithside Court, who had a turnout of a hundred members, preceded by two mounted members representing Robin Hood and Little John.

The members of "Benevolent" Lodge of the Independent United Order of Scottish Mechanics from Locharbriggs followed the Foresters, and they made up a total of thirty-five. They turned out with sashes and white gloves, and displayed an artistic banner and a wreath, which was under the charge of Bro. A. M'Murray, W.M., and Mr Josiah Wright, the secretary.

Dalbeattie Town Band preceded the Operative Masons, of whom there was a good turnout, numbering about a hundred. With them they had a lorry brightly decorated, and on which two hewers were at work on a block of stone almost completed, the horse too being gaily caparisoned, and with bells tinkling at its head. The men marched in

Digitized by Google

white aprons, with compass and square painted on the centre; and wore a daisy in the buttonhole, with the appropriate legend, "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower." The array was rendered increasingly imposing by three very handsome trade banners lent for the occasion; the old banner of the apprentices of Dumfries, on which an apprentice lad is represented as busy hewing; and another old trade flag which belongs to the family of the late Mr Crackston.

The pipe band of the Industrial School came next, heading the ploughmen. These were strongly represented, as befitted the class to which Burns himself belonged, about 100 taking part in the procession. A large banner bearing a representation of the plough was carried in front, with the words, "The rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that," on a red ribbon along the top. A lorry, ornamented with Scotch thistles and other decorations, carried an iron plough, one of the ploughmen standing and "haudin'" between the stilts. A neat model plough was carried on a pole, as well as a miniature scythe, fitted with a bow and strake. The ploughmen wore uniform blue Kilmarnock bonnets with red tassels and centenary medals. This part of the procession had been organised by Mr A. J. M'Intosh, V.S., who was deserving of credit for the way in which he managed it.

The employees of the Dumfries Tanneries Company, Limited, were forward to the number of about thirty, and made a very pretty and picturesque show. They were preceded by a lorry, elaborately dressed with heather, Scotch thistles, &c., a fine pair of Spanish ox horns occupying a position in front. "The Dumfries Tanneries Company, Limited," was inscribed on the sides. On the lorry a number of men were engaged in the various processes of dressing leather, including shaving, fleshing, and striking, and a sheepskin puller was engaged on a sheepskin at the end of the lorry. Material half dressed and quarter dressed, and hides with the hair still on them, were being dealt with in this way. The men walking behind wore leather aprons, and carried numerous pretty dyed sheepskins and mats, and also several basils. A dressed calf skin carried on a pole bore the words "Nothing like leather." A second lorry, decorated similarly with the first, was hung with specimens of all descriptions of dressed and finished leather as manufactured by the company, which were suspended from frames erected round the vehicle. A number of the employees of Mr Rae, bootmaker, accompanied the tanneries contingent, and were busily engaged at the last as they passed along.

The turnout from Rosefield Mills was a miniature procession in itself, and they formed a very effective display. They were headed by

Digitized by Google

the Maxwelltown Volunteer Band, who accompanied them from the mills to the Sands. First came a magnificently-coloured silk banner with gold ornaments, richly trimmed, and borne on blue poles. In the centre was a representation of a loom with a weaver in attendance, and there was the motto, "Employees of Rosefield Mills," with a small scroll at the side bearing the weaver's legend, "Weave truth and trust." Attached to the side of the first lorry was a very appropriate poetic effusion from Mr Hugh Rae :—

Burns's sangs and Rosefield tweed
Are just the things the warld need—
The first to drive away dull care,
The next for comfort, show, and wear.

The four delegates with pretty wreaths were next, and then followed the remainder of Messrs Charteries & Spence's employees in the order of manufacture. First were the mechanics, who bore aloft the model of implements of their craft—a blacksmith's anvil, hammer, and tongs. The wool sorters came next, and one of them carried on the top of a rod a small bale of wool with two tufts obtruding to shew the contents. On one side was "C., S., & Co.," and on the other "A' ae 'oo." Then came the carders, spinners, and dyers. The latter carried an artistic banner made of finely dyed yarns, and an added charm was given to it by suitable lines, which are also the production of Mr Rae :—

We're the Rosefield dyers,
And this thocht oor wark inspires—
Gin we dye to please the buyers,
We'll no hae dyed in vain.

Next there was a lorry with the model of a Sykes' patent twisting frame in operation, and then came the warpers and warp winders, who bore a handsome banner with the words "Warpers and Winders" in red letters on Scotch grey tweed and red mountings. The weft winders, who carried a reel with a hank of yarn of fancy colours, were pursued by a handsome banner with the lines in blue letters on a real Harris face :—

The cardin' o't,
The spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't,
The windin' o't ;

while on the obverse side were the words on a Royal Stewart tartan explaining that "It's a' oo"—a statement which the appearance of the cloth seemed to confirm. A lorry with a hand-loom and winding wheel in operation were objects of interest, presenting a marked contrast with the splendid but intricate looms of the present day. The tuners next filed past, and the power-loom weavers were preceded by a lorry with

Digitized by Google

one of their looms. It was a model of a Hattersley "fast" loom, and the adjective quoted is seen to be appropriate when it is stated that it makes no fewer than a hundred and sixty "picks" per minute. The loom was hard at work, and produced at a very rapid rate the substantial tweed for which Rosefield Mills are noted. It was driven by an engine which the firm procured for the occasion from Dumfries Ironworks. The power-loom weavers, with healthful faces wreathed in smiles, and attired with pretty sashes of black and white tartan with over-check of scarlet and old gold, formed a substantial body, and were headed with a very attractive banner with the motto,

Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!

on a Burns tartan with blue mountings. Next came the tweed pickers with a check banner bearing the motto, "My coat, and my vest, they are tweed o' th' best," on a Burns tartan in red letters on one side, and on the reverse, "Charteries, Spence, & Co.," with red mountings. The employees from the finishing department, the office, and warehouses brought up the rear of the Rosefield contingent, and made up the total processionists from these mills to over four hundred. Among the devices not already mentioned which adorned the turnout of Rosefield Mills were bannerettes bearing the mottoes, "Willie was a wabster guid," "We'll a' be prood o' Robin," "A man's a man for a' that," "And I was fear'd my heart wad tyne, and I gaed it to the weaver," and "Guid Scotch tweed," and models of Broadbent's hydro extractor with engine combined, two models of hand-looms, milling machine, washing machine, an engine, cropping machine, and pair of stocks. The marshal was Mr Hugh Rae.

The Sanquhar Volunteer band came next in order, followed by the slaters of the town, to the number of about thirty. A large trade banner was carried in front, bearing the inscription, "Dumfries and Maxwelltown Operative Slaters." A shield, with the slater's tools on it, was also borne aloft. A number of other flags were borne in the procession, and two ladders dressed with evergreens. The men all wore a uniform cap, and had their white aprons wrapped round their waists.

The gardeners' turnout was reduced in size by many of them joining bodies of which they were members, but they did much to enrich the display by contributing prettily-constructed flower models, viz., a bell by Mr Scott, Terraughtie; a star with 1796 in the centre, Mr Fraser, Dalawoodie; a star with 1896, Mr Young, Gracefield; St. Andrew's cross and plough, Mr Allan, Armadale; bee hive, Mr Chalmers, Terregles; a watering can, Mr Chalmers's assistant; a heart, Mr Henry,

Digitized by Google

Conheath ; an anchor, Mr Rowe, Nunfield ; a heart, Mr Shannon, Kirkmichael ; anchor, Mr Blacklock, Southwick ; square and compass, Mr Fraser, Craigielands ; anchor, Mr Cooper, Cavens ; and a lyre by Mr Murray, Munches.

The procession of quarrymen from Locharbriggs was smaller than was to have been expected from that active centre of quarry industry ; but this was due to no lack of enthusiasm on the part of the men to do honour to Scotland's greatest poet, but to an unfortunate misunderstanding which was detected only when it was too late to be remedied. It, however, had the result of preventing the employees at Messrs Baird & Stevenson's quarry from taking part in the procession ; and the industry which has carried the name of Locharbriggs over the whole kingdom was only represented by seventy men from Lowther & Thomson's quarries. They, however, presented an imposing appearance. On the first of two lorries was an immense stone weighing fifty cwts., and with clock-like regularity they applied their picks to the rough block. This lorry was drawn by a team of four horses, and another one followed a fully-equipped quarry smithy. Mr James Young, the smith, was surrounded with anvil, bellows, &c., and continued hard at work sharpening tools. The men carried a tasteful banner, on which there was an illustration of men busy at work with a crane lifting a heavy stone, and the motto :—

> The honest man, tho' ere sae puir,
> Is king o' men for a' that.

The more recent development of the dairy in the farming of the district was prominently represented by the large turnout of the lads of the milk-cart and the damsels of the milk-pail, who followed next. On a lorry there were displayed a number of dairy utensils, which were lent for the occasion by Mr Fergusson, Friars' Vennel. One of the dairymen were also busily engaged on the lorry working a churn and making butter. A large brake accommodated some twenty dairymaids, and this was followed by two milk-carts with the milk-cans behind. Then came about thirty dairymen riding on horseback, and attired in drop felt hats. Both men and maidens wore rosettes of the cream hue, of which their wares are, or at least ought to be. The banner which the society carried at the unveiling of the Burns statue was borne aloft on a couple of poles. It bears a view of Ellisland House, and also of a pretty part of the farm, as seen from the Dumfries side of the Nith, very properly including a number of kine going homewards to be milked. There is also a representation of Burns and his "Bonny Jean," with the inscriptions, "Wilt thou be my dearie" and "To-

Digitized by Google

woo a bonny lassie when the kye come hame." Another new banner with the words "Maxwelltown Dairymen's Association" was also displayed.

The carters turned out to the number of fully 40, and considering that several were engaged in other parts of the procession who would otherwise have helped to swell the turnout of their fellow-labourers, the force was worthy of the occasion. Earlier in the day they had manifested their enthusiasm by taking part in the procession through Maxwelltown. There was no lack of gay banners and flags, those which had done service on the occasion of the unveiling ceremony again being displayed. The characteristic feature of the decoration of the men was their head-gear, each of them sporting a "Tam o' Shanter."

CONTINGENTS FROM OTHER TOWNS.

The ballot assigned the first place among the "other towns" to Newton-Stewart; and from the banks of "the Silver Cree" there came a contingent numbering two hundred. It included no less than two brass bands and a flute band, the latter being mounted on a char-a-banc. The Magistrates and Burgh Commissioners took their place at the head, with a wreath to be placed on the poet's grave. Following the civic dignitaries were the members of the Burns Club, to the number of between thirty and forty, also bearing a wreath; the Freemasons, in regalia; and Oddfellows, also wearing the dress appropriate to their Order. About fifty knights of the wheel turned out, with their "bikes" very prettily decorated with floral garlands. The local Volunteer corps also took part in the procession. The day had been proclaimed a public holiday, and large numbers of people, in addition to the processionists, visited Dumfries.

The Lockerbie section was headed by a coach conveying the Magistrates, Commissioners, and ex-Commissioners, along with some of the burgh officials, numbering about fifteen. Of the Foresters about 40 or 50 took part. They carried their large banner and a number of bannerettes. The members of the Scottish Mechanics Friendly Society turned out about 30 strong, and also had a large banner. A similar number of Oddfellows were present, carrying their banner.

Annan made a contribution to the procession that was very important numerically and also from the special features which it included. In front marched the Wanlockhead brass band. The officers, carrying the mace, preceded the Magistrates, Town Council, and burgh officials. The fishermen formed the strongest body. They had two whammle boats. One was rigged as a trawler and named "Highland Mary." A

Digitized by Google

real trawl boat, with its high mast, would have been too large for the procession. As it was, the mast was 22 feet high, with sails rising five or six feet above them ; and that of the whammle boat—named the "Bonnie Jean"—was 20 feet high, with sails of three feet greater altitude ; but they were so arranged that they could be lowered in a few seconds when this was necessary to pass under any arch. The sails were white, instead of the usual red colour, and the boats themselves were also fresh from the decorator's hands. The trawl boat wa manned by Messrs James Woodhouse, sen., Richard Woodhouse, and James Baxter, jun. ; the whammle boat by Mr Thomas Woodhouse and Mr James Baxter, sen. The men all wore blue guernseys. The fishermen carried three large banners. The first has borders of red, with a white centre, on which is the following verse from Burns :—

Wi' wind an' tide fair i' your tail,
Ye scud alang your sea-way ;
But in the teeth o' baith tae sail
Ye mak' an unco lee-way.

The second is bordered with blue, and has also a white centre, with the following inscribed, also from Burns :

And when on life we're tempest driven,
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven
Is, sure, a noble anchor.

The third banner is one which has been carried at several demonstrations, and is pictorial, representing a fishing scene on the Solway, over which are the words, "The Solway Fishermen." "Kinmount" Lodge of the Ashton Unity of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds—the only Lodge in Dumfriesshire—mustered to the number of about two dozen. They carried the Lodge banner, and each man wore the regalia, and carried a shepherd's crook. About 50 members of the "Edward Irving" Tent of Rechabites turned out in the regalia of the Order, and bore their banner, and a barrel with the ends out, surmounted by the words "We see through it." The Oddfellows mustered to the number of about 60, and they also had the lodge flag, and each man wore his sash.

The contingent from Kirkcudbright numbered about 120, and was led by the Volunteer pipe band. Then came the Town Council, the leading carriage containing Provost Cowan wearing his robe and chain of office, Bailie Cleland, Treasurer Seggie, and Mr Gibson, town clerk. The halberdiers of the trades in their scarlet uniforms, and carrying aloft their Lochaber axes, flanked the driver of this machine, giving this part of the procession quite an imposing appearance. The following car-

Digitized by Google

riages contained the ordinary members of Council and officials, and next to those there came the Ancient Incorporated Trades. The Oddfellows followed, wearing their various insignia of office.

The royal burgh of New-Galloway was well represented, the Council driving, followed by a good number of Freemasons and Oddfellows mixed. Their wreath was a beautiful one, the handiwork of Mr Duff, gardener at Kenmure Castle.

The Sanquhar contingent, which carried several banners, was almost 100 strong, made up as follows: "Black Joan" Burns Club, 20; "Burnfoot" Lodge of Free Gardeners, 30; and general public, 50. The Town Council did not attend the celebration in their official capacity, but the greater number of the Councillors headed the procession in a brake drawn by a pair of horses. The local Volunteer band played the processionists from the station at Dumfries to the Sands, and thereafter took up the position allocated to them on the plan.

There was a good turnout from Dalbeattie, headed by Provost Shaw and the other Magistrates and members of Council in an open carriage, and by a handsome silk banner specially made for the occasion. It bore the words—"Dalbeattie, the Granite Burgh;" and the motto—

Man tae man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

It was carried by six stalwart men. The Freemasons of the "Granite Union" Lodge, to the number of 35, followed the Council, wearing their regalia. The Foresters, who were of about equal number, had an attractive display. Two of the members were on horseback, representing Robin Hood and Maid Marian. Their dress, "all of the Lincoln green," was very picturesque; and the contingent carried also a splendid banner. The Oddfellows, who turned the half century in number, carried a beautiful banner, and mounted officers helped to give additional interest also to their procession. The granite industry, on which the town depends for its prosperity, was represented by a contingent of between twenty and thirty men from Mr Sowerby's quarries, who carried a banner bearing the name of the firm.

Castle-Douglas Town Council went with the town contingent, and was driven in the procession in a waggonette provided by Miss Wallet of the Crown Hotel, and which was nicely decorated. The contingent was marshalled by Qr.-Mr.-Sergt. Hyslop at the Town Hall at 8 A.M., and was taken to Dumfries by the 9.7 A.M. train. The order was: Band (Volunteer), under Bandmaster Keane, Council, Freemasons, Oddfellows, and Foresters. A novel and interesting feature in the music provided by the Castle-Douglas band, which is one of the best in the

Digitized by Google

south of Scotland, and had the place of honour when the Dumfries Burns statue was unveiled by Lord Rosebery, was a march specially arranged for the occasion by Mr W. Maddock, bandmaster, Glasgow. The melodies in the march, which has been dedicated to Colonel Kennedy, are "O Kenmure's on and awa'" and "Scots wha hae," two of Burns's pieces closely associated with the Stewartry.

Stranraer was at one time expected to send a good representation, but owing to home attractions only the Reformatory Band, under Bandmaster Kingstrie, turned up, and it was given a place at the rear.

WITH THE PROCESSION.

The procession really began with a parade of the streets of Maxwelltown by various sections and by different routes. The first afoot were the representatives of the dairy interest, who were headed by the band of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers, playing very appropriately "The Auld Hoose." The Brig-En' Burns Club was preceded by the Dalbeattie brass band, which recited plaintive Burns airs. The Volunteer pipe band and the band of the Maxwelltown Rifle Volunteers also took part in the procession, the music discoursed being distinctly Scotch. The processionists then re-assembled and joined the general parade, which started from Buccleuch Street shortly after eleven o'clock. The following was the line of march: Buccleuch Street, Castle Street, High Street, St. Michael's Street, Glebe Road, Murray Place, Broom's Road, Queen Street, English Street, St. Mary's Place, Lovers' Walk, Rae Street, Catherine Street, Academy Street, Irving Street, George Street, Charlotte Street, and thence back to the Sands, where the processionists dispersed.

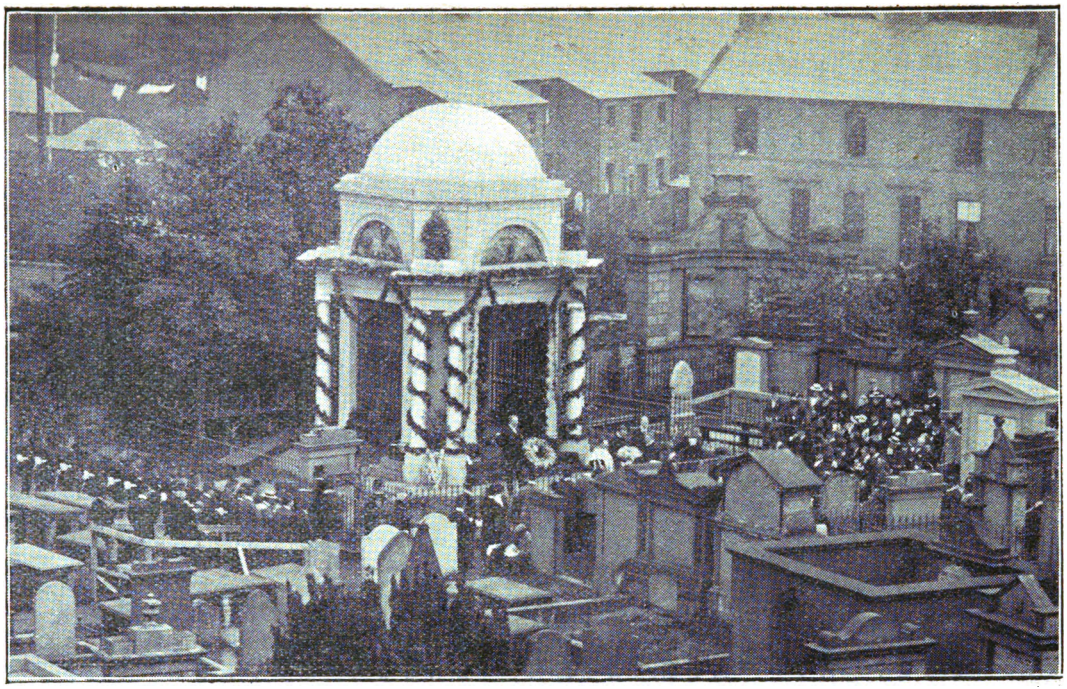
Buccleuch Street, which was first traversed by the procession, was closely packed by spectators, and until the Midsteeple was reached the streets were very crowded; but along the remainder of the line of march, except at a few points where a specially good view could be obtained, there was no great concourse of people. A very notable feature was the close array of faces at all the windows along the route. Many had been specially hired by family parties for the occasion; and the windows of business premises as well as of dwelling-houses and hotels were pressed into service. Other coigns of vantage also were fully occupied. For example, a bevy of young people surveyed the procession through field glasses from the elevated balcony of the Clydesdale Bank. The flat roof of the Royal Restaurant was occupied by a numerous and picturesque group of pastry cooks and waiters. The Midsteeple stairs were densely packed; and from the flat roof of the

Digitized by Google

portion of the Midsteeple buildings occupied by Mr Seiffert quite a battery of cameras were turned on the scene. The snap-shot photographer was indeed very much in evidence throughout the town, but more particularly near the starting point. Temporary grand stands had been erected in Buccleuch Street, Academy Street, and St. Mary's Place, and were fully occupied. Miniature erections of a similar nature were to be seen in the flower plots at the front of numerous houses, and all along the route every raised railing, garden, and verandah was crowded.

The procession was headed by the Militia Band, Drum-Major Slaven swinging the great staff, which is only brought out on state occasions. The first tune played was "Blue Bells of Scotland," the trio of which is "Scots wha hae." All the bands and pipers played Scotch music, and they had an inspiriting effect alike on processionists and excursionists. As the cars passed those with emblematical representations, such as "Corn Rigs," "Highland Mary," and "Souter Johnnie," were heartily greeted, and a special round of cheering was reserved for the weaving girls and stocking-makers, who responded with smiles and merry glances. The procession took 42 minutes to pass a given point. Precautions had been taken to have surgical and ambulance aid at hand if required; but happily the event passed off without any accident. Towards the close of the march rain began to fall slightly, but fortunately did not continue, and by one o'clock this part of the program ended.

Digitized by Google



COPYRIGHT.

PRESENTATION OF WREATHS.

"The long processions bringing homage and tribute to the conquering dead."

Lord Rosebery, having received a wreath from a deputation, is handing it to Mr H. S. Gordon; beside him being also Provost Glover and Mr John Clerk. Sir Robert Reid, bearing a wreath, is on the steps of the Mausoleum. The illustration is from a photograph by Mr T. A. Moryson, Dumfries.

Digitized by Google

AT THE MAUSOLEUM.

The most solemn and appropriate function of the day was at the Mausoleum in St. Michael's Churchyard, where wreaths contributed by Burns clubs and Scottish societies of the two hemispheres, and from the working people of Dumfries and district, were laid by the Earl of Rosebery about the grave of the man in whose honour the pageant had been devised. The quarter of the churchyard where the poet sleeps "after life's fitful fever" is full of memories of those who were his contemporaries, and whose names have acquired a lustre and a longevity from his verse. Close to the Mausoleum on the one hand is the grave of Jessie Lewars, afterwards Mrs Thomson, who was to him a ministering angel on his death-bed, and who was the heroine of his song—"O, wert thou in the cauld blast." On the other side of the walk rises the monument of the Staig family, bearing the name of that other Jessie—afterwards the wife of the poet's friend, Major Miller of Dalswinton—of whom Burns wrote that "an angel could not die." Within the Mausoleum enclosure a slab marks the grave of his humble but esteemed friend, James M'Clure, letter carrier. The eye wanders also to the name of Gabriel Richardson, brewer, of whom it was said—

He's blest if as he brews he drink,
In honest upright morals;

to the grave of John Bushby of Tinwald Downs—"honest man;" and to that of the banker friend, to whom he wrote—"Gracie, thou art a man of worth."

The Mausoleum was chastely decorated with festoons of evergreens and heather, and carpeted with crimson cloth. There was also constructed within the rails a terraced dias for reception of wreaths; and on the east side was a platform for accommodation of visitors. The footpaths through the churchyard, from the entrance gate to the Mausoleum, and thence to the exit gate opening on Barnslaps Road, by which the deputations left, was lined by a detachment of 110 men of the King's Own Scottish Borderers Militia, under command of Captain Sir Alexander D. Grierson of Lag and Rockhall; Lieutenant Sir Wm. Jardine of Applegirth; and Lieutenant M'Call, yr. of Caitloch, and they stood to attention during the entrance of Lord Rosebery's procession and the march of the deputations bearing wreaths. The gentlemen who acted as stewards at this impressive function were Mr John Clerk, Langlands; Mr John Primrose, solicitor; Mr W. A. Dinwiddie, manufacturer; Mr W. Allan, chemist; Mr H. S. Gordon, solicitor; Mr John

Digitized by Google

Leitch, wool broker; Mr W. M. Maxwell, bookseller; and Mr W. Moodie, solicitor.

A few minutes in advance of the general procession, the Earl of Rosebery left Woodbank and drove by way of High Street, to the churchyard, accompanied by his host and hostess and a party of ladies and gentlemen who had been invited by the executive to join him here, including several direct descendants of the poet. In the first carriage were seated Lord Rosebery, Sir Robert and Lady Reid. In the second carriage were Miss Margaret Constance Burns Hutchinson (Daisy), third daughter of Mrs Hutchinson, Cheltenham, and great-granddaughter of the poet; Mrs Harley Maxwell, Dumfries (lately of Portrack), an early friend of Mrs Hutchinson; and General Walker, a friend of the family. The occupants of the third carriage were Mrs Burns Thomas, Martinstown, County Wexford, granddaughter of the poet's eldest son, Robert; Mr R. Burns Begg, Kinross, grandson of Isobel Burns, the youngest sister of the poet, and Mrs Burns Begg. In the fourth carriage were seated Sheriff Vary Campbell; Sir James Crichton Browne; Rev. Dr Lorimer, Boston; and Mr A. C. Trevor, Comptroller of Inland Revenue, Edinburgh. Miss Fleming and Mr Munro Fergusson, M.P., had places in the fifth carriage. The procession closed with a carriage containing Mr Philip Sulley, hon. secretary of the executive; Mr James Smith, hon. treasurer; Mr Jonathan E. Blacklock, secretary for the conversazione; and Mr H. Symons, secretary for the essay and other competitions. In their progress through the streets the distinguished party were heartily cheered. On arrival at the churchyard, about a quarter past eleven, Lord Rosebery headed the procession to the tomb, having Lady Reid upon his arm. When the time for presentation arrived his Lordship took up his place within the rails to receive the wreaths, accompanied by Sir Robert Reid, Mr John Clerk, Mr H. S. Gordon, and Mr J. Newbigging, who assisted to deposit them in their places. Among those who occupied places within the reserved enclosure, in addition to the members of the Woodbank party, were Mr Robinson Souttar, M.P.; Mr R. W. B. Jardine, yr. of Castlemilk; Mr M'Call of Caitloch; Captain Cutlar Fergusson of Craigdarroch; Mr Thomas M'Kie of Moat House; Mr R. B. Carruthers of Huntingdon; Mr John Sanders, Rosebank; ex-Provost Lennox; Rev. Dr William Wallace, vicar of St. Luke's, Stepney, late Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and Mrs Wallace; Miss Jeanie Armour Burns Brown, great-granddaughter of the poet; Mrs J. Armour, Edinburgh; Mr Whitelaw, solicitor; Mr Forrest Macnee, of New York Scottish Society; Mr J. H. M'Gowan of Ellangowan and Mrs M'Gowan; Mrs Hawken, Manchester, grand-

Digitized by Google

niece of Mrs Burns; Captain H. W. Bairnfather, Beechwood, Cupar-Angus; Mr John Bell and Mr Robert Bell, Langholm; Mr Craig of Carses of Æ; Mr Aitken, Norwood; Mr R. Burness, Stonehaven, a kinsman of the poet; Mr Thomas M'Gowan, solicitor; Mr Hardinge Cunninghame, London; Captain Harold Crichton Browne; Mr J. Armour, Edinburgh; Mr David Murray, South Australian Caledonian Society; Mr and Mrs Watson, Castlebank; Mrs Burgham, Monmouthshire; Mr and Mrs Charles Bell, London; Mr James L. Ewing, Edinburgh; Provost M'Kay, Kilmarnock; Mr A. C. Lamb, Dundee; the Mayor of Carlisle; Mr R. Crowder, Carlisle; Mr Collingwood, town clerk of Carlisle; Mr Garlies Mitchell, Stranraer; Rev. W. L. M'Dougall, Orwell, Kinross-shire; Captain D. Sneddon, Kilmarnock, hon. secretary of the Burns Federation.

Lord Rosebery first entered the Mausoleum, and, reverently uncovering, placed within it a wreath of choice exotics which he had brought as his own tribute. There were laid beside it wreaths from Mrs Burns Hutchinson and Miss Annie Burns, Cheltenham, granddaughters of the poet; from Mrs Burns Thomas, his great-granddaughter; and from Mr and Mrs Burns Begg. His Lordship then took up a position at the gate-way, where he stood uncovered to receive the tributes brought by deputations from the processional bodies, who left the ranks for that purpose when the churchyard was reached. They were individually introduced by Mr W. A. Dinwiddie. Provost Glover, Bailie Farries, Bailie Dinwiddie, and Mr Grierson, town clerk, first came forward with the municipal tribute from Dumfries. There was also in their charge the wreath from the Caledonian Society of Fort Wayne, Indiana, U.S.A. Provost Glover having discharged this duty, took his stand by the side of Lord Rosebery for the remainder of the proceedings, the other members of deputations filing past or taking the place reserved for them on the platform. Provost Cowan, of Maxwelltown, Bailie Hanlon, Bailie Chicken, and Mr Sharpe, town clerk, brought a handsome wreath from "the sister burgh." That from the Dumfries Burns Club was presented by Mr Thomas M'Kie of Moat House, accompanying whom were Mr R. B. Carruthers, ex-Provost Lennox, and Mr Whitelaw, ex-presidents of the club. Rev. Dr William Wallace, on behalf of Professor Tyrell, Trinity College, Dublin, and himself, presented Greek and Latin translations of "Scots wha hae." Another deputation from Ireland consisted of Mr Stewart, president, and Mr Galloway, secretary of the Belfast Burns Club. The Dumfries and Galloway Students' Literary Society of Edinburgh University were represented by three young

Digitized by Google

lawyers wearing the long robe. Cheers were given for the array of foreign clubs, and special interest attached to the wreath of leaves from Walt Whitman's grave. Judge Forbes, delegate from the Clan Mackenzie, St John, New Brunswick, was unfortunately compelled to turn at Liverpool owing to his wife's illness. Lord Overtoun was asked to represent the clan, but was unable to do so. In his absence a very beautiful wreath, prepared at short notice by Mr James Kennedy, Dumfries, was presented by Sir R. T. Reid. S. Andrews Society of Philadelphia was to have been represented by Mr A. W. Fergusson. In his unavoidable absence on the Continent, their wreath was presented by the Honorary Secretary. One of the last presentations was a small bunch of heather from the native district of the Burns family, the offering of Mr R. Burness, Stonehaven. Before the proceedings were over the floor of the Mausoleum and the ground in front was closely covered with an array of exceedingly choice flowers, arranged in a great variety of beautiful and ingenious designs. Unfortunately, a slight shower rendered it necessary to have recourse to umbrellas during the latter part of the hour occupied by the interesting ceremonial.

Appended is a list of corporations and societies which sent wreaths, with the names of the deputations by whom they were represented :—

TOWNS AND CORPORATIONS.

Provost, Magistrates and Town Council of Dumfries—Provost Glover, Bailie Farries, Bailie Dinwiddie, and Mr John Grierson, town clerk.

Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Maxwelltown—Provost Cowan, Bailie Hanlon, Bailie Chicken, and Mr Alexander Sharpe, town clerk.

Annan Town Council—Provost Hiddleston, Dean Underwood, Mr J. Muir, and Mr J. Thomson.

Kirkcudbright Town Council—Provost Cowan, Bailie Cleland, Treasurer Seggie, and Mr Gibson, town clerk.

Lochmaben Town Council—Provost Halliday, Mr T. M'Naught, S.S.C., commissioners to the Convention of Royal Burghs ; and Mr E. B. Rae, town clerk.

Moffat Town Council—Provost Knight, ex-Provost Young, Bailie Brown, and Bailie Henderson.

Lockerbie—Provost Henderson (Burgh Commissioners), Mr James Blacklock (Foresters), Mr John Proudfoot (Independent Order Scottish Mechanics), and Mr Samuel M'Clelland (Oddfellows).

Castle-Douglas—Provost Thomson (Town Council), Bailie Miller (Freemasons), Mr James Haugh (Foresters), and Mr John Hyslop (Oddfellows).

Digitized by Google

Newton-Stewart Burgh Commissioners—Provost Matthews, Bailie Hunter, Bailie M'Geoch, and Mr Carson, town clerk.

Stranraer Town Council—Mr A. Sloss.

New-Galloway Town Council—Bailie Turner, Bailie Garmory, Mr D. M. Henderson, and Mr R. Johnstone, town clerk.

Gatehouse-of-Fleet—Mr J. R. Kirkpatrick, ex-Provost; and Mr J. Macadam, treasurer.

SCOTTISH BURNS CLUBS.

Dumfries—Mr Thomas M'Kie, Mr R. B. Carruthers, Mr D. Lennox, and Mr J. W. Whitelaw.

Dumfries Burns' Howff—Mr A. Lawson, Mr T. Robertson, Mr James Prentice, and Mr William Tait.

Dumfries Mechanics—Mr A. Fairley (president), Mr W. Glendinning (vice-president), Mr J. Kemp (treasurer), and Mr J. Anderson (secretary).

Dumfries Bazaar—Mr D. W. Kerr (president), J. Gracie (secretary), Mr J. King, and Mr G. Dickie.

Dumfries Cronies—Mr Thomas Macnoe (president), Mr Alexander Russel (vice-president), Mr David Bawe (treasurer), and Mr Wm. Bell.

Maxwelltown Brig-En'—Mr George Creighton, Mr W. Halliday, Mr J. Grierson, and Mr G. Percy.

Edinburgh Club—Mr George S. Thin, Mr George A. Munro, and Mr Gabriel Setoun.

Ninety Club, Edinburgh—Rev. George Murray, Mr Peter Smellie, Mr H. R. Elliot, and Mr David Lawson Johnstone.

South Edinburgh Club—Mr Andrew M'Pherson (president), Mr W. G. Marshall (vice-president), Mr James Hood (secretary), and Mr H. Murray.

Lady Lawson Street, Edinburgh—Mr C. Davidson, Dr M'Aulay, and Mr Chrystie.

Leith Club—Bailie Manclark, Mr Wm. Inglis, Mr J. A. Blacklock, and Mr George Sowerby.

Portobello Club—Bailie R. Kellock, Mr A. C. Duff, Mr Wm. White (president), and Mr Wm. Baird (secretary).

Sandyford Club (Glasgow)—Judge Morse, U.S. Consul, Glasgow; Mr Archibald Black, Mr John Watson, Mr John M'Dougall, and Capt. R. C. M'Fee.

Royalty Club (Glasgow)—Mr William M'Laren and Mr J. Little.

Rosebery Club (Glasgow)—Mr James Angus, Mr Robert Kennedy, and Mr John Law.

Digitized by Google

Bank Club (Glasgow)—Mr Walter Bowie (president), Mr Robert Johnstone (vice-president), and Mr Andrew Gray (treasurer).

Springburn Club (Glasgow)—Dr John M'Kie, Mr Thomas D. Wilson, Mr Robert Kirkland, and Mr Wm. T. Muir.

Pollokshaws Club (Glasgow)—Bailie W. M'Gregor Adam, Mr Richard Bliss, and Mr James Murray; attended by Mrs Mason and Mrs Murray.

Bridgeton Club (Glasgow)—Mr A. J. Bain, Mr William Rodger, Mr W. S. Cochrane, and Mr Andrew Hoy.

Ayr—Dr Watt, Mr Walter Neilson, Mr George Bain, and Mr Robert Scoular.

Abington—Mr Wm. Clark, Mr Robert Colthart, and Mr Thomas Smail.

Alloa Haggis Club—Mr George B. M'Murtrie (secretary), Mr Robert Drummond, and Mr Robert Hewitson.

Alexandria—Mr David Walker.

Alyth—Mr D. C. Grant.

Armadale—Mr W. Wyllie, Mr R. Edwards, and Mr A. Wyllie.

Brechin—Mr Charles Thomson, Mr W. J. W. Cameron, Mr Edward W. Mowat, and Mr David Mitchell.

Beith—Mr James Crawford, Mr John Hamilton, Mr H. W. Crawford, and Mr John Short.

Carrick—Provost M'Creath, Mr Eugene Wason (president), Mr Wm. Morton, and Mr Andrew Robertson (hon. secretary).

Carstairs Junction—Mr John Cooper and Mr Wm. Neil.

Carluke—Mr Peter Murray and Mr Joseph Kay.

Coupar-Angus West End Club—Mr Alexander Crammond and Mr John Fergusson.

Coatbridge—Mr George W. T. M'Gown (president) and Mr Wm. B. Burnett.

Coatbridge North End Club—Mr John Smith and Mr John Crear.

Corstorphine—Mr D. P. Laird, Mr P. W. Leslie, and Mr R. Murray.

Cumnock—Mr John Sampson, Mr Wm. Hill, Mr D. A. Adamson, and Mr Matthew Brownlie.

Dollar—Mr Edward G. Davies, Mr J. M. Moir, and Mr J. S. Henderson.

Dundee—Mr D. H. Pride and Mr Thomas Bennett.

Duns—Mr Frier Robson.

Forfar—Mr David Sturrock, Mr Andrew H. Whitson, Mr J. P. Rough, and ex-Bailie Lowson.

Greenock—Mr John M'Clure, Mr J. S. Deas, Mr J. Morrison, and Mr D. J. Dunlop.

Hamilton—Sheriff Davidson Mr A. M. Cullen, and Dr Rogerson.

Digitized by Google

Irvine—Bailie M'Naughton, Mr Alexander Longmuir, Mr Thomas R. Stewart, and Mr J. N. Murray.

Langholm—Mr W. Davidson, Mr John Wilson, Mr Alex. Irving, and Mr James Elliot.

Lanark—Ex-Provost Watson, Bailie Young, Mr John Keith, and Major Swan.

Lenzie—Mr James Ferguson and Mr James Frame.

Larkhall—Mr A. Wilson, Mr J. Barr, Mr W. Burns, and Mr Douglas B. Barr.

Linlithgow—Rev. John Ferguson, Mr Alexander Turnbull, Mr Peter Miller, and Mr James F. Macdonald.

Mauchline (Jolly Beggars)—Mr T. Harvey, Mr R. Docherty, Mr R. Carlisle Sproat, and Mr Jas. Kirkpatrick.

Musselburgh—Mr Walter Walker, Mr Robert Bisset, Mr John S. White, and Mr W. L. Gourlay.

Muirkirk (Lapraik Club)—Mr D. Slimmon, Mr John Maider, and Mr John M'Donald.

Newton-Stewart—Rev. J. M. Inglis, Penninghame; Rev. John Reid, Minnigaff; Rev. Robert Paton, Kirkinner; and Mr John Robertson.

Paisley—Mr George H. Coats, Mr A. Paterson, Mr George Wylie, and Mr James Edward Campbell.

Renfrew—Mr John Clark, Dr Goldie Steven, Mr Robert Lang, Mr M. L. Sheridan.

Sanquhar (Black Joan)—Mr Robert Glencross and Mr William Macdonald.

Uphall—Mr George White, Mr M. Jamieson, Mr James Anderson, and Mr Alex. Balloch.

Whithorn—Mr John Sharp (president) and Mr James Johnston.

Wigtownshire—Mr J. Lockhart Smith, Mr George Cowan, Mr A. Wither, and Mr Garlies Mitchell.

ENGLISH DEPUTATIONS.

Ashington Burns Club, Northumberland—Mr Daniel Robertson, Mr Robert Brewis, Mr Wm. Atkin, and Mr W. Martin.

Bolton Burns Club—Rev. Dr T. B. Johnstone, Mr J. M'Fee, Mr George Begg, and Mr Wm. M'Nab.

Bristol Burns Club—Mr John Boyd, Mr R. C. Murray, Mr J. Turnbull, Mr R. Maxwell, Mr T. Johnston, Mr P. Morrison, Mr J. Gilchrist, and Mr W. L. Gunn.

Blackburn Burns Club—Mr Wm. Fergusson, Mr Wm. M'Kie, Mr John Smith, and Mr Robert M'Kie.

Digitized by Google

Carlisle Burns Club—Mr Mather, Mr J. Jardine, Mr Meldrum, and Mr John Sintin.

Derby Burns Club—Dr Brown, Mr H. J. Bell, Mr W. H. Cunningham, and Mr George Innes.

Hexham Burns Club—Dr Stewart and Mr J. R. Brown.

Hull Burns Club—Mr J. A. Brown, Mr Alfred W. Ansell, A. R. Gray, and M A. H. Ramsay.

Lancaster Caledonian Association—Mr Charles M'Neil, Mr T. D. Hood, and Dr James Aitken.

Leeds Caledonian Society—Mr R. S. Dower and Mr W. Gavage King.

Leeds Scottish Club and St. Andrew's Society—Mr J. D. Gillespie, Mr Thomas Rae, Mr J. C. Meikle, and Mr John Murray.

Liverpool Burns Club—Mr Andrew Morton, Mr Alex. Smith, Mr Lachlan M'Kay, and Mr J. M'Gavin Sloan.

Newcastle Burns Club—Mr W. C. Tyrie and Mr J. G. J. Archibald.

Newcastle Borderers—Mr John Rae and Mr Thomas Robson.

North Shields and District Caledonian Society—Mr J. D. Gillespie (president), Mr John Murray, Mr J. C. Meikle, and Mr Thomas Rae.

Southampton Scottish Association—Mr James Mackenzie.

IRISH DEPUTATION.

Belfast Burns Club—Mr Andrew W. Stewart, Mr Peter Galloway, and Mr W. H. Anderson.

AMERICAN AND COLONIAL DEPUTATIONS.

Caledonian Club, Hudson—Mr Geo. Bartholomew (first chieftain).

Caledonian Society, Chicago—Mr John B. Driver.

Caledonian Club, Washington, District of Columbia—Mr W. Nicholson.

St Andrew's Society of Buffalo—Mr G. M'Noe.

Caledonian Society of Texas—Mr John Kingan.

Stamford, Connecticut, Scottish Society; also Union Lodge, No. 5, Fand, A.M.—Mr John M. Brown.

Waverley Society of Dayton, Ohio—Mr W. M. Hunter.

Caledonian Society of Toronto—Mr Robert Swan and Mr Thomas Armstrong.

Montreal Caledonian Society—Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson, Mr Andrew M'Allister, Mr D. M'Kay, and Mr Gordon Drummond.

Melbourne Caledonian Society—Mr Theodore Napier (secy).

Dunedin Burns Club—Mr John Mill, Port Chalmers, New Zealand.

Caledonian Society, Perth, West Australia—Mr W. J. Ferguson.

Fowler Institute, London, American Section—Miss Fowler and Miss Piercy.

Digitized by Google

MASONIC LODGES.

Provincial Grand Lodge of Dumfriesshire—Mr A. H. Johnstone-Douglas, P.G.M.; Mr Wm. Murray, P.G.M. Depute; Mr John Robson, P.G. Secretary; and Captain Stott.

Provincial Grand Lodge of Wigtown and Kirkcudbright—Major M'Haffie, P.G.M. Depute; Lieut. Torrance, Mr H. H. Adair, and Mr James Loch.

Kilwinning Lodge (No. 53), Dumfries—Mr John Farrow, R.W.M.; Mr D. H. Hastie, I.P.M.; Mr Charles J. Rowe, and Mr G. Armstrong.

Thistle Lodge (No. 62), Dumfries—Mr A. Bryson, R.W.M.; Mr D. A. Keppie, Mr T. Martin, and Mr N. Glancy.

St. Michael's (No. 63), Dumfries—Mr James Lennox, R.W.M.; Mr W. I. Scott, I.P.M.; and Mr W. Duncan.

St. Ninian's Lodge, Newton-Stewart—Mr Henry Montgomery, Mr A. R. Parker Jarvis, Rev. A. F. Mitchell, and Mr Thomas Walsh.

St. Magdalene's (No. 100), Lochmaben—Mr Walter Dryden.

Hopetoun, St. John (No. 507), Leadhills—Dr Dunlop, R.W.M.; Mr James M'Kain, Mr Walter Weir, and Mr Charles Muller.

Lodge Edinburgh St. Andrew (No. 48))—Mr W. Lindsay, R.W.M.

Bective Lodge, Carlisle—Mr George F. Brown, Mr Alexander Taylor, Mr G. Armstrong, and Mr G. A. M. Heysham.

Union Lodge, Carlisle—Mr James A. Wheatley, Mr W. Pogson, Mr Fletcher Ritson, and Mr C. Borstel.

Sun, Square, and Compass (No. 119), Whitehaven—Mr Isaac Maxwell, Mr S. Dalrymple, Mr H. Burns, Mr J. Atkinson, and Mr W. C. Johns.

Lodge, Scotia (No. 634), New York—Mr Thomas G. Mitchell and Mr J. A. Brown.

TRADES AND SOCIETIES.

Dumfries Ironworks—Mr William Kerr.

Stockingmakers—Miss Jemima Smith (Messrs Dinwiddie & Co.), Miss Mary Anderson (Messrs M'George), Miss Elizabeth Hastings (Mr James Robertson), and Miss Mary Morley (Mr Gibson).

Oddfellows—Mr W. Johnstone, Mr John Herries, Mr J. Kenning, and Mr Richard Moffat.

Fleshers—Mr J. Armstrong, Mr I. B. Milligan, Mr J. Smith, and Mr S. Roddan.

Foresters—Mr J. Maxwell Gray, Dumfries; Mr William M'Ghie, Dumfries; Mr James Fyshe, Lochmaben; and Mr Archibald Shankland, Thornhill.

Digitized by Google

Scottish Mechanics, Locharbriggs—Mr A. M'Murray, Mr Josiah Wright, Mr Robert Wright, and Mr James Gillespie.

Operative Masons—Mr John Richardson, Mr James Geddes, Mr Wm. Wells, and Mr George Turner.

Ploughmen—Four oldest men, viz. : Messrs Robert Brownrigg, Cluden Mills ; John Goldie, Holestane ; Thomas Kirkpatrick, Millhill ; Robert M'Fagan, Shearington.

Rosefield Mills—Mr Andrew Inglis, Mr George Tulloch, Mr Robert Glendinning, and Mr George Rock.

Dumfries and Maxwelltown Dairy Association—Mr S. Gibson, Mavisgrove ; Mr Wm. Clenachan, Braecroft ; Mr James Wightman, Westhill ; and Mr James M'Culloch, Lincluden.

Carters—Mr John Pool and Mr John Welsh.

Newton-Stewart Cyclists—Mr A. Wylie and Mr W. M. Kelly.

Kirkcudbright Incorporated Trades—Mr A. S. Murchie, Convener ; Mr James M'Muldrow, Mr John S. M'Kill, and Mr Daniel Trainor.

St. Mary's Lodge of Oddfellows, Kirkcudbright—Mr James Crossan, N.G. ; Mr Wm. Gibson, V.G. ; Mr Ebenezer Dalziel, G.M. ; and Mr James W. M'Kill, P.G.

Crichton Royal Institution--Mr James Smith.

Scottish Home-Rule Association--Councillor John Romans, Edinburgh.

Edinburgh University Dumfries and Galloway Students' Literary Society—Mr John M'Crone, Mr J. Proudfoot, and Mr M'Kerrow.

Dumfries Law Clerks and Apprentices—Mr James Ramsay, Mr George Bell, Mr S. Dickson, and Mr Joseph Tinning.

St Bernard's Lodge of United Scottish Mechanics, Edinburgh—Mr Robert Laurie.

When the long line of deputations had come to an end,

Provost Glover stepped forward and said : On behalf of Lord Rosebery, Sir Robert Reid, the members of the executive, and the Burns clubs associated with this great national demonstration, I have to express to Sir Alexander Grierson and the officers in charge to-day our warm thanks for their kind attention, and to say that we feel very much indebted to them for their attendance.

Sir Alexander Grierson saluted in acknowledgment of the compliment. Lord Rosebery then shook hands with the gallant baronet, and proceeded to walk alongside the Provost, followed by the burgh officer, to the gate of the churchyard, where carriages awaited the party. A large crowd had also assembled, and raised a cheer for the ex-Premier as he descended the steps. Lord Rosebery and his party drove back to Woodbank to luncheon, while the Provost drove to the Mechanics' Hall, in order to preside at the public luncheon.

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT.

TURNERELLI'S MURAL SCULPTURE IN THE MAUSOLEUM.

The Muse of Poetry finding Burns at the Plough. Shewing some of the Wreaths deposited on 21st July. From a Photograph by Mr John Mackechnie, Dumfries.

Digitized by Google

SOME NOTES ON THE WREATHS.

Among the most notable of the wreaths, as mentioned in our account of the procession, was that composed of leaves from the grave of the great American poet of democracy. Others which challenged attention from their beauty of design or extrinsic association have also been incidentally mentioned. Several took the form of a harp—one from Leeds having the symbolic broken string, and being accompanied by a bunch of wild flowers.

The wreath presented by the Provost and Magistrates and Town Council of Dumfries was of massive and pretty design. It was composed of orchids, viz., cattleyas, dendrobiums, odontoglossums, lilium Harrisii auratum, amarylis, stephanotis, roses, claradendrons mixed with caladiums, asparagus, maidenhair, and other ferns. The wreath was provided by Mr James Kennedy, florist, English Street.

Another wreath of pretty and effective design, which was also provided by Mr J. Kennedy, was that given by the Highland Society of New South Wales (Bathurst branch). It was composed of the following flowers :—Lilium Harrisii alamandas, amaryllis caladiums, roses, carnations, dahlias, and hollyhocks, interspersed with maidenhair and asperagus ferns.

The Scotsmen of Johannesburg sent a very fine wreath, composed of pretty everlasting flowers native to the Transvaal.

Many orders for wreaths, both from home and foreign associations, were received by Messrs T. Kennedy & Co., Dumfries, by whom they were executed in a highly artistic manner. One of the most notable was that of the St. Andrew's Society, Philadelphia, U.S.A. This took the form of St. Andrew's Cross, formed of choice white flowers, most prominent of which were arum and eucharius lilies, and encircled with a wreath on which the full name of the society was formed of the scarlet flowers of the bouvardias. The limbs of the cross measured four feet in length. Another, from a Bristol society, was formed entirely of British flowers, including the heather, blue bells, marguerites, forget-me-nots, Scotch thistle, and water lilies. There were many others of pretty design and very choice flowers. One of the most appropriate in form was that of the Masonic Lodge, Kilwinning, Dumfries, which consisted of compass and square and the lodge number, 53.

St. Michael's Lodge of Freemasons made a very pretty offering in the form of a lyre composed entirely of real daisies.

The wreath from Annan was of circular shape, and composed chiefly of stephanotis, white roses, swansonia, and liliums. Maidenhair ferns, with trails of asparagus prumosa, forms the greenery. It

Digitized by Google

was supplied by Messrs Hammond & Douglas, and on a card attached is the following inscription, neatly executed by Mr Mathieson, Bush Hotel: "From the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of the Royal Burgh of Annan. July 21st, 1896.

Castle-Douglas wreath, a copy of the Douglas crest, was of unique design. The prevailing colours were heliotrope and white. The crown was composed of hydrangea and sweet pea, while the heart below and the side wings were principally of white corn flowers. *Aspargus plumosa* formed a sweetly graceful surrounding folliage, while the watchword "Forward" at the base was formed in white *achiela* on a foundation of the mournful cypress. Mr John Blyth, of the Town's Nursery, was entrusted with the production of the wreath, which was on public view at the Town Hall before the local procession started for the station, while the framework was manufactured by Mr Gordon Lees, St Andrew Street.

An order for a wreath from subscribers in Clonmel, Ireland, was placed with Messrs T. Kennedy & Co., Dumfries, through Mr Robert Hunter. It arrived too late to be presented at the ceremonial on Tuesday, but it afterwards received a place at the Mausoleum.

The following letter was received by the secretaries of the Dumfries Burns celebration from Mr Anderson, Sydney, dated 8th June: "Gentlemen,—In reference to the memorial wreath which is being forwarded by the combined Scottish associations of Australia, I regret most deeply to have to report a succession of misfortunes and disappointments. The wreath was only made of the choicest flowers available at this time of the year, and I have posted you two photographs of it. It was handed over to the Ice Company for freezing, and space was engaged in the freezing-room of the Ormuz, which sailed on Monday, June 1st. By some miscalculation the engineer of the ice-works did not get the block of ice, which needed to be extra large (4 ft. 8 in. by 4 ft. 2 in.), frozen in proper time to catch the Ormuz, and it was not ready till Thursday morning. We then engaged a special truck, at a cost of £11, to take it by rail to Melbourne to catch the Ormuz there. We then learnt from the Melbourne agents of the Orient Company that the freezing-room was full of frozen mutton, and they could not take it. We had then to turn to the Himalaya, the P. and O. steamer going to-day. Her freezing-room is so small that our large case cannot be got inside the door. The next steamer, Orotava, will arrive too late for the celebration. However, we are determined to send the wreath, and doubtless it will excite some interest if it reaches you in its present beautiful condition. We shall send with it a pedestal of

Digitized by Google

polished N.S.W. cedar, on which is printed: 'In Memoriam Robert Burns, died July 21st, 1796. A tribute from the Scottish Societies of Australia.' It is a matter of the deepest disappointment to us all that it will not reach you in good time; but we have done all that man could do to get it there. With best wishes,—Yours sincerely, HENRY C. L. ANDERSON."

In another note of the same date Mr Anderson says: "We have determined to-day to order a suitable wreath from London florists to be delivered to you on July 21st, so that our Australian association will be duly represented. Our own wreath will follow by the first possible opportunity, and will perhaps come in as a *bonne bouche* after your surfeit of other good things. The cedar stand, and ribbon-bow accompanying it, will be an interesting memento of the warmth of our sentiments to the old land and its national poet."

The wreath, we learn, stands 4 ft. high, and is 3 ft. 6 in. in breadth. The block of ice enclosing it weighs 23 cwts. The ribbon referred to bears the Australian coat-of-arms, the Scotch thistle, and the motto, "Man to man, the world o'er, shall brithers be."

Digitized by Google

JOSEPH JOHNSTONE GLOVER, Esq.,
Provost of Dumfries.

THE LUNCHEON.

At one o'clock there was luncheon, purveyed by Mr R. Oughton of the Royal Restaurant, for the deputations and delegates.

Provost Glover presided, and, having given the toast of the Queen in a sentence, he proposed "The Deputations." He said:—Fellow-citizens, brother Scots, and fellow admirers of the poet Burns,—I bid you welcome to the "Queen of the South" and the classic banks of the Nith. That you are possessed of "the pith o' sense and pride o' worth" and sentiment, I am entitled to assume by your presence here to-day to celebrate the immortal memory of Scotia's patriot bard, at what may fittingly be described as the shrine of Scottish independence—(cheers)—for here, on the 10th

Digitized by Google

day of February, 1306, the hero king of Scotland—the Bruce of Bannockburn—struck the first blow for the independence of his country by striking down the "Red Comyn," the vassal of Edward, n the Greyfriars' Monastery. And since in almost every other page our ancient and loyal burgh looms up largely in the stirring and eventful history of our dearly beloved native land. And yet another red-letter day has been reached. To-day the people's hearts are filled with a great joy. We do not mourn Burns dead, but, in a spirit of gratitude, offer up thanks to Almighty God that he lived. (Loud cheers.) If we live in the hearts of those we have loved, it is not to die, and we know and feel that on this soil and in this climate of the free the name and fame of Robert Burns, like his immortal soul, liveth and reigneth and is enshrined in the hearts of the Scottish people assembled here to-day—(cheers)—and wherever Scotsmen gather; wherever the Union Jack floats, proudly proclaiming the sovereignty of our beloved Queen. But Burns was not the poet of Scotland only. His works appeal to the patriotic sentiment of the people of every clime in whose veins the blood of freedom flows. Our poet was no parasite to the purse-proud, no sycophant to the strong, no bully to the weak. His independent, free, enfranchised spirit proclaimed through the genius of his poesy a message of hope, comfort, and good cheer to the humblest. (Cheers.) The very riddlings of poverty found in Burns a friend. Honest worth and merit, whether seated high within the circle of so-called society, hid in a thicket of obscurity, or covered by the cobwebs of cruel neglect, found in him a doughty champion, while cant and tyrant pride drew from this friend of freedom his withering scorn and contempt. (Loud cheers.) His unrestrained and illimitable love of nature found expression in an ambitious wish to impart ennobling sentiment to all the works of God, animate and inanimate. I am not going to detain you here to-day by recounting the tale of his wrongs, neither will I dare to sit in judgment on his morality, or attempt to drag one single frailty from his tomb. Vanity, with full-swelling sails, has carried the more prurient and morbid-minded of his critics, in their restless search for pinchbeck notoriety, into the latitudes and longitudes of misrepresented story and vile abuse; but despite these organisms of fermented fussiness the fame of Burns marches triumphantly along towards even a still more glorious futurity, which the present generation, after the lapse of a hundred years, can only contemplate and speculate upon, but cannot adequately

Digitized by Google

measure. (Cheers.) Notwithstanding all that may have been said or written to the contrary, I am prepared to stoutly maintain that Burns was the friend of law and order, religion and liberty. Not that law and order which may have been maintained from time to time with all the purple pomp of tyranny. Not that religion the beginning and end of which is a rigid, frigid, and self-satisfied form of so-called respectability. Not that liberty which means license. But law and order marching forward with intellectual integrity to a proper appreciation of social facts and problems, and an honest desire to raise the tone of society, while preserving the temper of the people. Religion based upon truth and beauty, love, justice, mercy, and humanity; the religion of humanity; the religion of universal brotherhood. (Cheers.)

For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be, for a' that.

(Cheers.) And to-day the hills and valleys of our native land resound and re-echo the refrain of that liberty which he taught us —liberty freed from the galling chains of ignorance and prejudice; that liberty which does not violate concord, but proceeds to dignified arrangement without clamour and disturbance; that liberty born of a prayerful appeal to the dictates of pure reason, and which brings honest men into sober consultation to thwart the machinations of the strong against the liberties of the weak. (Cheers.) These are the sentiments which I gather from a consideration of the works of our national poet, whose love of country was unbounded.

E'en then a wish, I mind its power,
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for puir auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.

(Cheers.) Poor Burns! Experience was to him a hard taskmaster, and in current coin fame as poor a paymaster. While his heart was oft-times wrapt in moody mists of gloomiest grey, the divine and immortal attributes of the soul rose above the mortal and decaying elements of nature. And hope, that bright polar star to the heavy laden and world-weary traveller—hope, like clustering columns in cathedral aisle, pointing onwards and upwards to heaven and to God, oft cheered him on his way. When the deepening shadows were fast closing in, he said to the

Digitized by Google

faithful companion of his hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows: "Jean, I'll be mair thocht o' a hundred years hence." (Loud cheers.) How pathetic! how true! His soul winged its memorable flight into immortality on the 21st of July, 1796, and now that a hundred years have passed and gone, greeting the soul of Burns in its onward and upward course, we exclaim in the words of another mighty poet:—

> The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
> Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
> But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
> Unhurt amid the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

Fellow-countrymen, citizens of the Stars and Stripes, and delegates of every nationality here represented,—I bid you a hearty, an enthusiastic welcome to our royal burgh. (Loud cheers.)

Mr Forrest Macnee, president, New York Scottish Society, in replying, said that when he came to be a spectator at the proceedings in Dumfries he had not the least idea of receiving such prominence. It was needless for him to tell them that Burns and his works were appreciated in America. (Cheers.) There his songs appealed constantly to their hearts, and numerous societies kept fresh the name and writings of Scotia's bard. There were annual Burns gatherings in numerous places, and all ranks of literature and law loved to talk of the character of the poet. Many Americans proclaimed that the happiest time they spent was when the entertainment was one at which Burns was spoken of and his songs sung. (Cheers.) He had known men to go a thousand miles to attend a Burns gathering, and returning home well repaid for the undertaking.

The Mayor of Carlisle (Mr W. J R. Crowder) also replied with very great pleasure. He remarked that the songs of Burns would be sung for generations yet to come, wherever the Anglo-Saxon race was found. His Worship concluded by alluding to the great appreciation in which Burns was held in Carlisle, and heartily thanked the Executive for their kindly and cordial welcome.

Mr Andrew W. Stewart, of the *Belfast Evening Telegraph*, and representing the Belfast Burns Club, was called upon to respond for Ireland. It was a memorable day, he said, in the history of this country and in the history of British literature. England and Ireland laid their tribute on the tomb of Burns, because they recognised, first of all, that he was the poet of

Digitized by Google

humanity, and, secondly, the poet of Nature. His works also contained a political philosophy, which even the great statesman visiting them that day might draw lessons from. They recognised Shakespeare as the greatest dramatist England had ever seen, but neither Shakespeare or any who ever lived as a lyrist and songster could equal Robert Burns. (Cheers.) The Belfast exhibits formed no inconsiderable attraction at the Glasgow exhibition. He wished to pay his tribute on behalf of Irishmen to the poet, who had inspired a world-wide enthusiasm.

Provost M'Kay, Kilmarnock, replied for the Scotch delegates. He congratulated Provost Glover upon the great success of the Dumfries demonstration. The heart of Scotland was stirred that day in a manner in which it had not been for generations before the birth of Burns. He rejoiced with Dumfries in witnessing one of the most pleasing spectacles which anyone could witness—the placing of wreaths from different towns and places on the tomb of their national poet. (Cheers.) He proposed the health of Provost Glover, who took nothing to do which he did not do well. (Cheers.)

The Provost briefly replied, and the company sang "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Digitized by Google

COPYRIGHT.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G., K.T.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

A public gathering, to which the title "conversazione" was given, was held in the afternoon, at two o'clock, in the Drill Hall, which was crowded by a vast audience, numbering over four thousand persons. The large building had been prettily decorated with flags and banners by Mr J. L. Scott, and Mr Gibson, upholsterer, fitted up the platform very tastefully. The first half-hour

Digitized by Google

was devoted to instrumental music, the Dumfries Amateur Orchestra, conducted by Mr Daniel, performing "Gems of Scotand" and the overture to "Rob Roy" in a manner which elicited hearty applause. The Earl of Rosebery was chairman of the gathering, and he was accompanied on the platform by a large and representative company, including Sir Robert and Lady Reid and Miss Fleming, Provost and Mrs Glover, Sir James and Lady Crichton Browne, Mr Robinson Souttar, M.P.; Mr Munro Fergusson, M.P.; Sheriff Vary Campbell, Mr Hope-Johnstone of Annandale; Miss Margaret Burns Hutchinson, Mrs Burns Thomas, Mr and Mrs Burns Begg, Miss Jeanie Armour Burns Brown, Dumfries; Mrs J. Armour, Edinburgh; Mr Alexander Anderson ("Surfaceman"); Mr Johnstone-Douglas, Comlongon Castle, Convener of Dumfriesshire, Mrs Johnstone-Douglas, Miss M. Johnstone-Douglas, Miss Sybil Johnstone-Douglas; Rev. Dr Barclay, Montreal, formerly of St. Michael's, Dumfries; Sheriff Campion, Mr R. W. B. Jardine, yr. of Castlemilk; Mr J. G. H. Starke of Troqueer Holm; Mrs Harley Maxwell, General G. W. Walker, R.E.; Colonel Maxwell Witham of Kirkconnel; Rev. Dr George Bryce, Winnipeg; ex-Provost Lennox, Miss Lennox, Miss Agnes B. Lennox, Colonel A. Hume, King's Own Scottish Borderers Militia; Mr Henry Cunynghame, Home Office; Mr and Mrs Bowron of Marchmount; Provost Hiddleston, Annan; Mr Crowder, Mayor of Carlisle; Provost Mackay, Kilmarnock; Mr Craibe Angus, Glasgow; Major Young of Lincluden House; Mr Thomas M'Kie, Moat House; Mr W. A. Dinwiddie, Bridge Bank House; Mr Philip Sulley, hon. secretary of the executive; Mr R. B. Carruthers, Huntingdon, Dumfries, and Mrs Carruthers; Provost Cowan, Kirkcudbright; Mr and Mrs Carmont, British Linen Co. Bank House; Mr Thomas Hunter, manager of the *Standard*; Mr W. Murray of Murraythwaite; Provost Cowan, Maxwelltown; Provost Waugh, Sanquhar; Mr Robert Gordon, London; Mr Robson, County Clerk; Provost Halliday, Lochmaben; Mr W. Craig, Laurel Bank; Mr W. Sanders of Rosebank; Mr C. S. Phyn, P.F.; Councillor Romans, Edinburgh; Captain Cutlar Fergusson of Craigdarroch; Mr Watson, editor of the *Standard*, and Mrs Watson; Mr Judge Allen B. Morse, U.S. Consul, Glasgow; Mr J. H. M'Gowan of Ellangowan; Mr W. H. Scott of Nunfield; Mrs Cameron of Kelton; Dr and Mrs Watt, Ayr; Mr John Primrose, Arundell House; Bailie Farries, Bailie Dinwiddie, Mrs Dinwiddie, Miss M'Kay, St. Cuthbert's; Mr A. J. M'Intosh,

Digitized by Google

Boreland; Bailie Dykes, Dean Hiddleston, Treasurer Cumming; ex-Bailie Herries, Maxwelltown, and Mr R. Hamilton, Dumfries (members of the committee which carried through the movement for erection of the Burns Statue in Dumfries); Mr John Henderson, solicitor; Mr J. M'Gavin Sloan, Liverpool; ex-Provost Shortridge, Dumfries; Major Carlyle, Waterbeck; Mr D. Murray, representing Caledonian Society of South Australia; Mr R. Murray, George Street; Mr J. C. R. Macdonald, W.S.; Mr A. C. Trevor, Edinburgh; Mr T. M'Naught, Kilmaurs; Mr D. Carruthers, Glasgow; Mr T. K. Newbigging, Stewart Hall; Mrs Locke, Dumfries; Mr Forrest Macnee, New York; Mr James Smith, hon. treasurer of the executive, and Miss Smith; Mr Mounsey-Heysham, Carlisle; Mrs Hawken, Manchester; Mr Leiper Gemmel, president of the Glasgow Mauchline Society; Captain Geddes, Dumfries; Captain Carruthers, Lockerbie; Sheriff Davidson, Hamilton; Mr A. Robertson, secretary of the Carrick Burns Club; Mr John Clerk, Langlands; Mr A. Pringle, Dumfries; Dr J. Maxwell Wood, Dumfries; Mr and Mrs H. S. Gordon, The Oaks; Mr W. Duncan, collector of Inland Revenue; Mr Grierson, Town Clerk; Mr Matthew Jamieson, supervisor; Mr W. Moodie, solicitor; Mr Walter Neilson, Ayr; Mr H. Crichton Browne, Mr Jonathan E. Blacklock, solicitor; Mrs Blacklock, Rosemount; Mr John Symons, solicitor; Mr A. Taylor, Mr Barbour, architect; Mr A. Sharpe, solicitor, Maxwelltown; Mr Chisholm, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada; Mr James Jackson, Mr John Newbigging, Mr W. M. Maxwell, Bank House; Mr George Irving and Miss Irving, Edinburgh; Mr John M'Cune, Greenock; Mr C. Watson, solicitor, Annan; Mr J. A. Glover and Mr J. A. Glover, jun., Carlton House; Mr and Mrs Law Starkey, Dumfries; Mr H. Symons, solicitor; Mr T. B. Sinclair, Stirling; Mr Paterson, Balmaclellan, grandson of "Old Mortality."

MESSAGE FROM THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.

Lord Rosebery, on entering at half-past two, received a splendid ovation, the vast audience uprising and cheering vociferously. When quiet had been obtained, his Lordship said: I call on Sir Robert Reid to read a message from the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour. (Cheers.)

Sir Robert Reid: I have to deliver a verbal message which Mr Balfour asked me to convey to the people of Dumfries.

Digitized by Google

("Which Balfour?") Arthur Balfour. (Laughter and cheers.) He wished me to say how extremely anxious he had been to be present among us on this memorable occasion in Dumfries, and to add that nothing except the pressure of business—the reality of which I well know—would have prevented him from being present here. He asked me personally to convey this message to you, and I do so with an expression of great regret—which I believe is common to us all—that he is unable to be present. (Loud cheers.)

Lord Rosebery said the Secretary would now intimate several apologies.

Mr Sulley: I have to intimate apologies from the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Herries, the Earl of Stair, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Sir Charles Dalrymple, Grand Master Mason; Mr Augustine Birrell, M.P.; Lord Young, Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Lewis Morris, Sir Walter Besant, the Hon. T. F. Bayard, the United States Minister—(cheers)—who regrets his unavoidable absence on this occasion, "for the general heart of man will respond all round the world to the voice of his Mother Land paying honour to the genius of her wonderful son." (Cheers.) Also among others I have to intimate cable greetings from the Scots in the Channel Islands, from the Caledonian Societies of Hobart and Launceston, Tasmania; from the Caledonian Society of Lancaster in America; from the Caledonian Club of Scranton, in Pennsylvania; from Hobart Scotsmen; from the United Caledonian Societies of South Australia—(cheers)—from Lord Lamington, Governor of Queensland; and the Provost has placed in my hands Mr Arthur Balfour's letter, with which he has supplemented Sir Robert Reid's preface. Mr Sulley then read the letter, which was greeted with cheers. It was in the following terms:—

10 Downing Street, Whitehall, S.W.,
July 18th, 1896.

My Dear Provost,—It is with feelings of the deepest regret that I see my chances of being with you next Tuesday at Dumfries rapidly diminishing. Even if my doctor would permit me to undertake the double journey in twenty-four hours, which I fear after my recent attack he would not, the questions connected with Parliamentary business which may arise on Tuesday and Wednesday are too critical to permit me to absent myself on those days.

I had so looked forward to being present at the demonstration in honour of our national poet, and I am so deeply touched by the kind and pressing invitation which you and your colleagues were good

Digitized by Google

enough to convey to me, that my enforced absence from Dumfries causes me bitter disappointment. Nothing, I can assure you, but absolute necessity would have kept me from Scotland at such a moment.

Believe me, yours very truly,

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

LORD ROSEBERY'S SPEECH.

Lord Rosebery, who was received with loud and enthusiastic cheers, said: Ladies and gentlemen,—I come here as a loyal burgess of Dumfries to do honour to the greatest burgess of Dumfries. (Cheers.) You, Mr Provost, have laid upon me a great distinction, but a great burden. Your most illustrious burgess obtained privileges for his children in respect of his burgesship, but you impose on your youngest burgess an honour that might well break anybody's back—that of attempting to do justice in any shape or fashion to the hero of to-day's ceremony. (Cheers.) But we citizens of Dumfries have a special claim to be considered on this day. We are surrounded by the choicest and the most sacred haunts of the poet. You have in this town the house in which he died; the Globe, where we could have wished that some phonograph had then existed which could have communicated to us some of his wise and witty and wayward talk. (Cheers.) You have the street commemorated in M'Culloch's tragic anecdote, when Burns was shunned by his former friends; and you have the paths by the Nith which are associated with some of his greatest works. You have near you the room in which "the whistle" was contended for, and in which, if mere legend is to be trusted, the immortal Dr Gregory was summoned to administer his first powders to the survivors of that memorable debauch. (Laughter.) You have the stackyard in which, lying on his back and contemplating

> Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
> That lov'st to greet the early morn,

he wrote the lines "To Mary in Heaven," perhaps the most pathetic of his poems. (Cheers.) You have near you the walk by the river where in his transport he passed his wife and children without seeing them, his brow flushed and his eyes shining with the lustre of "Tam o' Shanter." (Cheers.) "I wish you had but seen him," said his wife; "he was in such ecstacy that the tears were happing down his cheeks." That is why we are in Dumfries to-day. We come to honour Burns among these immortal haunts

Digitized by Google

of his. (Cheers.) But it is not in Dumfries alone that he is commemorated to-day, for all Scotland will pay her tribute, and this surely is but right. (Cheers.) Mankind owes him a general debt, but the debt of Scotland is special. For Burns exalted our race; he hallowed Scotland and the Scottish tongue. (Cheers.) Before his time we had for a long period been scarcely recognised. We had been falling out of the recollection and recognition of the world. From the time of the union of the Crowns, and still more from the time of the legislative union, Scotland had lapsed into obscurity. Except for an occasional riot or a Jacobite rising, her existence was almost forgotten. She had indeed her Robertsons and her Humes, writing history to general admiration, but no trace of Scottish authorship was discoverable in their works; indeed, every flavour of national idiom was carefully obliterated. The Scottish dialect, as Burns called it, was in danger of perishing. Burns seemed at this juncture to start to his feet and reassert Scotland's claim to national existence. His Scottish notes rang through the world, and he thus preserved the Scottish language for ever—(loud cheers); for mankind will never allow to die that idiom in which his poems and his songs are enshrined. (Cheers.) That is a part and only a part of Scotland's debt to Burns. But this is much more than a Scottish demonstration. It is a collection of representatives from all quarters of the globe to own a common allegiance and a common faith. (Cheers.) It is not only Scotsmen honouring the greatest of Scotsmen. We stretch far beyond a kingdom or a race. We are rather a sort of poetical Mohammedans gathered at a sort of poetical Mecca. (Applause.) And yet, ladies and gentlemen, we are assembled in our high enthusiasm under circumstances which are somewhat paradoxical; for with all the appearance of joy we celebrate not a festival but a tragedy. It is not the sunrise but the sunset that we commemorate. It is not the birth of a new power into the world, the subtle germ of a fame that is to survive and inspire the generations of men. But it is perhaps more fitting that we celebrate the end and not the beginning. For the coming of these figures is silent. It is their disappearance that we know. At this instant that I speak there may be born into the world the equal of a Newton or a Cæsar, but half of us would be dead before he had revealed himself. Their death is different. It may be gloomy and disastrous; it may come at a moment of shame and neglect. But by that time the man has carved his name somewhere on the

Digitized by Google

temple of fame. There are exceptions, of course; cases where the end comes before the slightest or any but the slightest recognition—Chatterton choking in his garret, hunger of body and soul all unsatisfied; Millet selling his pictures for a song; nay, Shakespeare himself. But as a rule death in the case of genius closes the first act of a public drama. Criticism and analysis may then begin their unbiassed work free from jealousy or friendship or personal consideration for the living. Then comes the third act, if a third act there be. No, it is a death, not a birth that we celebrate. This day, a century ago, in poverty, and delirium, and distress there was passing the soul of Robert Burns. To him death comes in clouds and darkness—the end of a long agony of body and soul. He is harassed with debt; his bodily constitution is ruined; his spirit is broken; his wife is daily expecting her confinement; he has lost almost all that rendered his life happy, much of friendship, credit, and esteem. Some score years before one of the most charming of English writers, as he lay dying, was asked if his mind was at ease, and with his last breath Oliver Goldsmith owned that it was not. So it was with Robert Burns. His delirium dwelt on the horrors of a jail. He uttered curses on the tradesman who was pursuing him for debt. "What business," said he to his physician, in a moment of consciousness, "what business has a physician to waste his time upon me? I am a poor pigeon not worth plucking. Alas! I have not feathers enough to carry me to my grave." For a year or more his health had been failing. He had a poet's body as well as a poet's mind—nervous, feverish, impressionable; and his constitution, which, if nursed and regulated, might have carried him to the limit of life, was unequal to the storm and stress of dissipation and a preying mind. In the previous autumn he had been seized with a rheumatic attack. His digestion had given way. He was sunk in melancholy and gloom. In his last April he wrote to his friend Thomson—"By Babel's streams I have sat and wept almost ever since I saw you last.* I have only known existence by the pressure of the heavy hand of sickness, and have counted time by the repercussions of pain. Rheumatism, cold, and fever have formed to me a terrible combination. I close my eyes in misery and open them without hope." It was sought to revive him by sea-bathing, and he went to stay at Brow Well. There he remained three weeks, but he was under no delusion as to his state. "Well, madam," he said to Mrs Riddell, on arriving, "have you any com-

* Currie has it "wrote you last." Burns it seems never saw Thomson.—T. W.

Digitized by Google

mands for the other world?" He sat that evening with his old friend and spoke manfully of his approaching death, of the fate of his children, and of his fame, sometimes indulging in bitter-sweet pleasantry, but never losing the consciousness of his condition. In three weeks he wearied of the fruitless hunt for health, and he returned home to die. He was only just in time. When he re-entered his home on the 18th he could no longer stand. He was soon delirious; in three days he was dead. On the fourth day, we are told, when his attendant held a cordial to his lips, he swallowed it eagerly, raised himself almost wholly up, spread out his hands, sprang forward, nigh the whole length of the bed, fell on his face, and expired. I suppose there are many who can read the account of these last months with composure. They are more fortunate than I. There is nothing much more melancholy in all biography. The brilliant poet, the delight of all society, from the highest to the lowest, sits brooding in silence over the drama of his spent life—the early innocent home, the plough and the savour of fresh turned earth, the silent communion with Nature and his own heart, the brief hour of splendour, the dark hour of neglect, the mad struggle for forgetfulness, the bitterness of vanished homage, the gnawing doubt of fame, the distressful future of his wife and children—an endless witch-dance of thought, without clue or remedy, all perplexing, all soon to end while he is yet young, as men reckon youth; though none know so well as he that his youth is gone, his race is run, his message is delivered. His death revived the flagging interest and pride that had been felt for him. As usual men began to realise what they had lost when it was too late. When it was known that he was dying the towns-people had shewn anxiety and distress. They recalled his fame, and forgot his fall. One man was heard to ask with a touch of quaint simplicity, "Who do you think will be our poet now?" The district set itself to prepare a public funeral for the poet who died penniless among them; a vast concourse followed him to his grave; the "awkward squad," as he had foreseen and deprecated, fired volleys over his coffin; the streets were lined with soldiers, among them one who sixteen years later was to be Prime Minister; and while the procession wended its gloomy way, as if no element of tragedy were to be wanting, his widow's hour of travail arrived, and she gave birth to the hapless child that had caused the father so much misgiving. In this place and on this day it all seems present to us—the house of anguish, the thronged

Digitized by Google

churchyard, the weeping neighbours. We feel ourselves part of the mourning crowd; we hear those dropping volleys and that muffled drum. We bow our heads as the coffin passes and acknowledge with tears the inevitable doom. Pass, heavy hearse, with thy weary freight of shattered hopes and exhausted frame; pass with thy simple pomp of fatherless bairns and sad moralising friends; pass with the sting of death to the victory of the grave; pass with the perishable, and leave us the eternal. (Loud cheers.) It is rare to be fortunate in life; it is infinitely rarer to be fortunate in death. Happy in the occasion of his death, as Tacitus says of Agricola, is not a common epitaph. It is comparatively easy to know how to live, but it is beyond all option and choice to compass the more difficult art of knowing when and how to die. We can generally, by looking back, choose a moment in a man's life when he had been fortunate had he dropped down dead. And so the question arises naturally to-day, was Burns fortunate in his death—that death which we commemorate? There can, I fancy, be only one answer. It was well that he died when he did. It might have been better for himself had he died a little earlier. The terrible lines that he wrote two years before to Mrs Riddell and Mr Cunningham betoken a spirit mortally wounded. In those last two years the cloud settles, never to be lifted. "My constitution and frame were *ab origine* blasted with the deep incurable taint of hypochondria, which poisons my existence." He found perhaps some pleasure in the composition of his songs, some occasional relief in the society of boon companions; but the world was fading before him. There is an awful expression in Scotland, which one never hears without a pang—So-and-so "is done," meaning that he is physically worn out. Burns was "done." He was struggling on like a wounded deer to his death. He had often faced the end, and not unwillingly. "Can it be possible," he once wrote to Mrs Dunlop, "that when I resign this frail, feverish being, I shall still find myself in conscious existence? When the last gasp of agony has announced that I am no more to those who knew me and the few who love me; when the cold, unconscious corpse is resigned to the earth, to be the prey of reptiles and become a trodden clod, shall I be yet warm in life, enjoying or enjoyed?" Surely that reads as if he forsaw this day and would fain be with us. As, indeed, for all we know, he may be. (Cheers.) Twelve years before he had faced death in a less morbid spirit. Why, he asked—

Digitized by Google

Why am I loath to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between,
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms.

He had perhaps never enjoyed life so much as is generally supposed, though he had turned to it a brave, cheerful, unflinching face, and the last years had been years of misery. "God have mercy on me," he wrote years before the end, "a poor, damned, incautious, duped, unfortunate fool; the sport, the miserable victim of rebellious pride, hypochondriac imagination, agonising sensibility, and Bedlam passions!" There was truth in this outburst. At any rate his most devoted friends—and to be an admirer of Burns is to be his friend—(cheers)—may wish that he had not lived to write the letter to Mr Clark, piteously pleading that a harmless toast may not be visited hardly upon him; or that to Mrs Riddell beginning, "I write you from the regions of hell and the horrors of the damned;" or to be harried by his official superiors as a political suspect, shunned by his fashionable friends for the same reason; wandering like a neglected ghost in Dumfries, avoided and ignored. "That's all over now, my young friend," he said, speaking of his reign in society—"'An' werena my heart licht I wad dee.'" That was in 1794. Had he died then it might have been happier for himself, and we should have lost some parts of his life which we would rather forget; but posterity could not have spared him; we could not have lost the exquisite songs which we owe to those years; but above all, the supreme creed and comfort which he bequeathed to the world—"A man's a man for a' that," would have remained undelivered. (Loud cheers.) One may, perhaps, go further and say that poets, or those whom the gods love, should die young. This is a hard saying, but it will not greatly affect the bills of mortality—(laughter)—and it applies only to poets of the first rank, while even here it has its exceptions, and illustrious exceptions they are. But surely the best poetry is produced before middle age—before the morning and its illusions have faded, before the heaviness of noon and the baleful cool of evening. Few men, too, can bear the strain of a poet's temperament through many years. At any rate, we may feel sure of this, that Burns had produced his best—that he would never again have produced a "Tam o' Shanter," or a "Cottar's Saturday Night," or a "Jolly Beggars;" and that long before his death, though he could still write lines

Digitized by Google

affluent with tenderness and grace, the hand of pain and sorrow and care, to use his own words, had lain heavy upon him. And this leads to another point. To-day is not merely the melancholy anniversary of death, but the rich and incomparable fulfilment of prophecy. (Loud cheers.) For this is the moment to which Burns looked when he said to his wife—"Don't be afraid. I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at present." (Loud cheers.) To-day the hundred years are completed, and we can judge of the prediction. (Renewed cheers.) On that point we must all be unanimous. Burns had honour in his life-time, but his fame has rolled like a snowball since his death, and it rolls on. (Cheers.) There is indeed no parallel to it in the world. (Cheers.) It sets the calculations of compound interest at defiance. (Laughter and cheers.) He is not merely the watchword of a nation that carries and implants Burns worship all over the globe as birds carry seeds; but he has become the champion and patron saint of Democracy. (Cheers.) He bears aloft the banner of the essential equality of man. (Loud and continued cheering.) His birthday is celebrated a hundred and thirty-seven years after its occurrence more universally than that of any human being. He reigns over a greater dominion than any empire that the world has ever seen. Nor does the ardour of his devotees decrease. Ayr and Ellisland, Mauchline and Dumfries are the shrines of countless pilgrims. Burns statues are a hardy annual. (Laughter.) The production of Burns manuscripts was a lucrative branch of industry —(laughter)—until it was checked by the untimely interference of the law. (Laughter.) Burns clubs spring up like mushrooms after rain. (Laughter and cheers.) The editions of Burns are as the sands of the sea. (Laughter and cheers.) No canonised name in the calendar excites so blind and enthusiastic a worship. Whatever Burns may have contemplated in his prediction, whatever dream he may have fondled in the wildest moments of elation, must have fallen utterly short of the reality, as we know it to-day. (Cheers.) And it is all spontaneous. There is no puff, no advertisement, no manipulation. Intellectual cosmetics of that kind—(laughter)—are frail and fugitive. They rarely survive their subject—they would not have availed here. (Cheers.) Nor was there any glamour attached to the poet—rather the reverse. He has stood by himself, he has grown by himself, it is himself and no other that we honour. (Cheers.) But what had Burns in his mind when he made this prediction? It might be whimsically urged

Digitized by Google

that he was conscious that the world had not yet seen his masterpiece, for the "Jolly Beggars" was not published till some time after his death. But that would not be sufficient, for he had probably forgotten its existence. Nor do I think he spoke at haphazard. What were perhaps present to his mind were the fickleness of his contemporaries towards him, his conviction of the essential splendour of his work, the consciousness that the incidents of his later years had unjustly obscured him, and that his true figure would be perceived as these fell away into forgetfulness or were measured at their true value. (Cheers.) If so, he was right in his judgment, for his true life began with his death. With the body passed all that was gross and impure; the clear spirit stood revealed; and soared at once to its accepted place among the fixed stars in the firmament of the rare immortals. (Loud and prolonged cheers, during which his Lordship resumed his seat, having spoken for 33 minutes.)

AN AMERICAN TRIBUTE.

Rev. George C. Lorimer, minister at Tremont Temple, Boston, U.S.A., said:—My Lord, ladies, and gentlemen,—Fitting is it that the Scotland outside of Scotland, the larger if not the greater or the bonnier Scotland, should be allowed a voice in these festivities. While Scotland "stands where she did," her children do not; but have wandered forth to many countries, and have given a good account of themselves in many callings. But wherever they have gone, and however loyal they may be to the Governments under which they live, I bear them witness that their hearts turn with loving devotion to their birth-place, and that at many a banquet board they sing:—

> Auld Coila's plains and fells,
> Her moors, red-brown wi' heather bells,
> Her banks and braes, her dens and dells.

And at this hour they share with you in honouring the memory of Robert Burns, the man

> Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
> Whose truths electrify the sage.

It is wonderful how firm a hold the Ayrshire poet has on the imagination and life of his countrymen abroad. They recite his poetry, sing his songs, and commemorate his nativity each year in feast, in dance, in oratory. Their patience is never exhausted in hearing repeated his picturesque imagery, nor their hearts weary

Digitized by Google

with the continued disclosure of his profound feelings. Possibly the explanation of this unmatched phenomenon is to be found in the unmistakable impression that the poetry of Burns, and in some degree Burns himself, as no other Scot has done, embodies and expresses the genius of a land whose sternness is touched with beauty, whose material poverty has been redeemed by intellectual affluence, whose poets have been among the sweetest, whose heroes have been among the noblest, whose saints have been among the purest, and whose maidens have been among the fairest "the sun has ere shown on," and whose unconquered and unconquerable independence sounds forth in the defiant cry, "A man's a man for a' that." But however accounted for, the fact remains that he whom you honour to-day is a bond of union among your kin beyond the sea; and perhaps more than any other tie keeps them closely bound to the land of their ancestors. But in representing among you the Scotland of other climes, I am not here specially to reassure you of its devotion to the mother country; but to bring you greetings from America, and to add if possible to the significance of this centennial by pointing out the place of Robert Burns in the thought and affections of its people. It is one of the glories of the United States that she not only opens the door to men of every race to become citizens, but is equally ready to avow her ndebtedness to celebrities from every nationality. Columbia has no Valhalla, no Westminster, where images of departed heroes can greet the living; but in her parks the faces of Humboldt, Schiller, Goethe, and Shakespeare are witnesses of her reverence for genius wherever born. Rome adopted the gods of conquered tribes. Columbia adopts the thinkers. And in this respect the new republic shews more wisdom than the old; for deities, such as they are, are numerous, thinkers are scarce. With conspicuous impartiality she naturalises the mighty dead of other portions of the globe, enrols them with her own great citizens, blends them into one fraternity, and crowns them with the wreath of fame. And to the names of famous men who speak to the present from the past she has added that of Robert Burns, and has come to consider him more distinctively American than any other poet not American born. This is primarily due to his passionate love of liberty. He sympathised in no small degree with British colonies in their struggle; for they were not at the first set on separation from England, but for the triumphs of rights secured by *Magna Charta*. He compared the American Congress of 1776 with the English

Digitized by Google

Convention of 1788. He shared with others the hopes that were born of the upheaval in France. But he did not fail to regard with horror the criminal bloodshed which stained that movement He was no anarchist. Hence the lines :—

> The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
> And the wretch his true born brother,
> Who would set the mob above the throne,
> May they be d——d together.

Dear also is he to the heart of the great Republic, because he was one of the people, was born in "a hut where poor men lie," and was the poet of the people, and is the people's poet still. Poetry is one of the most practical of blessings. Science makes discoveries in the domain of the physical; poetry brings to light equally marvellous things in the realm of the spiritual. Commerce unites nations by the ties of selfishness; poetry binds them closer by the bonds of affection. Statesmen make laws; poetry animates them with a national spirit. Discipline shapes soldiers; poetry fires them with heroism. We, therefore, in the United States do not undervalue our song-makers; neither do we rank them beneath our millionaire merchants. But few, if any, songs transcend in value those of the ploughman bard. Others have sung sweetly—the Motherwells, the Fergusons, the Gilfillans—but twittering swallows these, or at best only melodious robins, in comparison with him who is at once the nightingale and lark of song—and none, in my opinion, has so truly echoed the wants and woes, the hopes and fears of the "disendowed classes," as Victor Hugo calls them. He is the poet of the people, divinely moved to sing their sorrows and plead their cause. Though as profoundly impressed by nature's loveliness as Thompson, and though at times as deeply affected by unseen mysteries as Cowper, he ever seems to be in closer fellowship with suffering souls than with suns or stars or religious creeds. The poet of the people, himself one of the people, lifts the thoughts and aspirations of the people above things sorbid, mean, and base, and allies the honest man with princes; yea, exalts him over kings as the noblest work of God; and it is natural, then, that in America, the land of the people, he should be counted worthy of love and veneration. Moreover, he is prized among us because his speech is clear, his meaning apparent, and his imagery picturesque. We can understand him. He speaks our common language, and moves us by his passion and his tears. I hear that some of your neighbours beyond the Tweed find his speech provincial, complain that they have to use a glossary, and that they cannot always follow

Digitized by Google

his thought. We grieve over their obtusity. But what is the phrase or movement which they fail to grasp? Do they need a teacher to expound "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower?" Or must they have a dictionary to assist them in reading—"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes?" Is there any deep, esoteric meaning in

> What though on hamely fare we dine,
> Wear hodden gray, and a' that;
> Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
> A man's a man for a' that.

Or can it be that an interpreter is indispensable to an adequate comprehension of Tam o' Shanter or of his "droughty crony" Souter Johnny. I am afraid the average Englishman like the average American only knows full well what is intended when the poet writes:—

> Kings may be blessed, but Tam was glorious,
> O'er all the ills o' life victorious.

We at least in America understand Robert Burns even if they do not in England; and we love him for his speech; but more than that, we love him for his stalwart manhood. Margaret Fuller anticipated the estimate of America when she wrote: "Since Adam there has been none that appeared nearer fitness to stand up before God in the naked majesty of manhood than Robert Burns." And Lord Byron's words are worth recalling: "What would Burns have been if a patrician? We should have had more polish—less force—just as much verse, but no immortality—a divorce, and a duel or two, the which had he survived, as his potations must have been less spirituous, he might have lived as long as Sheridan, and outlived as much as poor Brinsley." Carlyle creates the impression that his personality was greater than his poems. If there is anything that appeals to American admiration it is a man, one who had to fight life's battle unaided, who had at the beginning all odds against him, who cultivated independence, who preserved his sweetness and humour, and who came at last to sway a commanding influence over men. In politics such an one is Abraham Lincoln, whose deeds are poems, and in literature such an one is Burns, whose poems are often deeds, which beat down and shame apathy and weakness, and rouse to heroic fortitude and faith. Nor is it strange that the memory of the lowly minstrel is cherished beyond the sea, when it is realised that there was something of the prophet and the seer about him, and that he sang of an age, now near at hand, when "man to man the world o'er shall

Digitized by Google

brithers be for a' that." The wail that comes to us in "Man was made to mourn;" the sweet vision of peace that breaks on us in "From scenes like these auld Scotia's grandeur springs;" the tender charity inculcated in the appeal:—

Then gently scan your brother man,
  Still gentler sister woman—
Tho' they may gang a kenin' wrang,
  To step aside is human.

and in the cry impatiently uttered,

If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
  By Nature's law designed—
Why was an independent wish
  E'er planted in my mind?

we have foregleams of a better time, when social wrongs shall be righted, when religion shall be the daily joy of the people, when love shall reign o'er all the earth, and not even rank alienate man from man. You, my Lord, once said in an eloquent address: "The doom of an aristocracy divorced from the people is written on the ruined palaces of Venice and on every page of history." Never were truer words spoken, and the hope of the future lies in the unifications of all tribes, races, and conditions of mankind, and in the interblending and harmonizing of their interests and ambitions. Yea, and may I be allowed to say it, in the fellowship of all lands, especially in the unbroken brotherhood of Great Britain and America. Toward this union the songs of Robert Burns impel us. He is the prophet of the better time, and as we catch the echo of his lyre to-day we are constrained to believe, even against sight, that the enthronement and coronation of humanity are not far off:—

Then let us pray that come it may—
  And come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
  Shall bear the gree, and a' that.
    For a' that, and a' that
    It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
  Shall brothers be, for a' that.

The rev. gentleman resumed his seat amid loud cheers.

SPEECH OF SIR JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE.

Sir James Crichton Browne proposed a vote of thanks to Lord Rosebery, who had come there to honour Burns and gratify them with the eloquent and suggestive address he had delivered that afternoon.

Digitized by Google

[Lord Rosebery was obliged to go while Sir James was speaking. In explanation of his departure he said: Mr Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry that I have an engagement of honour and duty to go to Glasgow at once; otherwise nothing should take me from this delightful meeting.

His Lordship then left the platform, the whole audience rising and cheering; and the chair was taken by Provost Glover.]

Sir James, in the course of his speech, referred to the incident already touched on by Lord Rosebery, of Burns receiving the cold shoulder from the county ladies and gentlemen who were assembling for a ball as he passed along the streets of Dumfries. That, he said, was in 1794; and now in 1896 the county ladies and gentlemen who were all assembling for that ball were gone and their names for the most part forgotten, and their lands had changed hands; while the neglected poet had become famous, and a Prime Minister of England had come there to pay him homage. (Applause.) There was no shady side of the street for him to-day, for the streets had been decorated from end to end with arches of triumph, and he was crowned with wreaths and laurels brought from the four corners of the country; it was not one solitary friend to give him a cheering word, but a gathering of friends from near and far to show their devotion to the peasant poet who had enlarged and brightened their lives, and who had given utterance to ideas that had satisfied the deepest and the loftiest parts of their nature. (Cheers.) The speeches they had listened to would be reported and become a permanent part of Burns's literature; and he wished that besides the reporters they had present a Scottish Zola, capable of describing in ardent language their doings of that day. He did not mean to say the speeches delivered would encourage the Scottish youth to plunge into poetry. It had already been stated that Scotland had produced 200,000 minor poets, and that the industries of Scotland were confined to the study of theology, the selling of whisky, chopping logic, and spinning rhymes—(laughter)—but besides poetic production their was poetic living, and it was towards that that addresses would contribute. Every Scotchman knew Burns as well as his Catechism, with one exception, in the person of Mr Grant Allen—(laughter)—who recently announced that he was entirely ignorant of Burns. Well, that was not surprising; for Burns was always healthy and wholesome, and a study of his works would act as a corrective to the stuff pro-

Digitized by Google

duced by their hilltop novelists. (Applause.) They were hero-worshippers here, in the land of Burns and Carlyle, and he knew they were all pleased to have had a good look at the man who played such a distinguished part in public life—who had been First Minister of the Crown—(cheers)—led the House of Lords, won the Derby—(laughter)—written a biography of Pitt, and presided over the London County Council. It was a privilege to hear his serious and his witty sentences; and their hearts were won by his appreciation of Burns. (Applause.) Referring to the other speaker, Sir James said surely our common interest and inheritance in Burns ought to cement our friendship with the Americans, and to ever prevent any serious difficulties from arising between them. Dr Lorimer's presence there that day was also a proof of the decay of prejudice. There was a time when one of his denomination might have hesitated to sound the praises of Burns on a platform; but to-day the clergy gladly admitted that Burns did the Church some service in his time by shaming hypocrisy and by acting as a counterpoise – a necessary counterpoise in Scotland —to John Knox, loosening their too rigid Puritanism. The illustrious and celebrated townsman of Dr Lorimer, Oliver Wendall Holmes, had said that he always marvelled that straight-laced Scotland should embrace her Robert Burns without bursting her stays. But the fact was that in embracing her Robert Burns Scotland did burst her stays—(laughter and cheers)—and she had breathed more freely ever since. (Cheers.)

Sheriff Vary Campbell proposed a vote of thanks to the Provost, not only for his conduct in the chair, but for the excellent arrangements which had attended this festivity. (Cheers.)

Provost Glover, in reply, said that he was extremely pleased that everything had passed off with so much success.

GREAT BURNS CONCERT.

The centenary proceedings were fittingly closed with a Burns concert in every way worthy of the great occasion. The vast Drill Hall was crowded by an audience which would number about four thousand, although the charges for admission had necessarily been fixed on a high scale to cover the heavy outlay connected with the celebrations. The engagement of three of the leading soloists of the day provided a treat, the memory of which will not be soon effaced.

Digitized by Google

The concert opened with a rendering of Lambeth's arrangement of "There was a lad was born in Kyle," by the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Choral Society, Mr Law Starkey wielding the conductor's baton, and Mr John Daniel, jun., playing the pianoforte accompaniments. The chorus numbered over a hundred, and the parts were well balanced, not one of them being conspicuously in the ascendant. The orchestra was not so numerous as at previous concerts given by the society, the entertainment being essentially a vocal one. The principal feature of the first part of the evening's program consisted of a rendering of "The Jolly Beggars" as a cantata. The arrangement was that of J. More Smieton, which gained the prize offered by the Glasgow Select Choir in 1893. It is a particularly happy and spirited one. The music throughout adapts itself in thoroughly sympathetic manner to the varying moods of the rollicking "tykes" who made the rafters ring in Poosie Nancy's. The light and shade was attended to with great precision and effectiveness, and the phrasing was all that could have been desired; and the singing evoked marked demonstrations of approval. The first solo, "I am a son of Mars," was undertaken by Mr Andrew Black, who is already familiar to Dumfries audiences as a bass of the first rank, and it was one of the most successful items of the evening. The choral recitative "He ended," came next, followed by a tenor solo by Mr Iver M'Kay, whose clear and sweet voice was displayed to great advantage, the song being rendered with effective attention to expression. One of the finest pieces of the evening was the solo and chorus, "Then next outspak'." The full, vibrating notes of Miss Macintyre's voice, who took the solo parts, lent themselves in an exquisite manner to the praise of "My braw John Highlandman" and to the "rancle carlin's" tender and pathetic mourning for her Highland laddie's fate. Miss Macintyre displayed a fine command over her voice, and the various shades of passion and pathos in the solo were brought out with much artistic finish and subtlety of expression. The chorus, in which she also sang, was particularly effective, and her effort was enthusiastically encored. Mr M'Kay was very successful in his next solo, "Whistle o'er the lave o't." The closing chorus "Liberty's a glorious feast," was a very telling effort.

The second part was distinctly the more popular of the two. It comprised a selection of the best known lyrics of Burns. The power of his songs to reach the heart and bring into play that

Digitized by Google

touch of nature which "makes the whole world kin" was strikingly illustrated in the enthusiasm which their rendering created. The solos without exception were vociferously encored. The noble patriotic song, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," received spirited treatment from the chorus. Mr M'Kay sang "Mary Morrison" and "Green grow the rashes, O," the former being particularly suited to his voice, as well as "Ae fond kiss," which was given as an encore, and proved one of the most delightful items of the evening. His other encore song was "Macgregor's gathering." Miss Macintyre fairly captivated the audience by her charming interpretation of the old favourites "Comin' thro' the Rye" and "John Anderson, my Jo," and she responded to vociferous recalls with "Ye banks and braes" and "My heart is sair for somebody." Mr Black gave a splendid rendering of "Gae bring tae me" and "The Lea Rig," his stirring and resonant tones being heard to great advantage. As encores he sang "Annie Laurie" and "All the blue bonnets are over the border." The chorus gave a very pretty rendering of "O' a' the airts," and the whole of the audience heartily joined in the concluding "Auld Lang Syne."

AFTER THE DEMONSTRATION.

St. Michael's Churchyard was open to the public from two o'clock until five, and a continual stream of visitors passed through to view the wreaths. The various places in the town associated with the poet's memory also attracted large numbers, and over a thousand persons visited the Observatory Museum. The streets were thronged until a late hour in the evening, good order prevailing among the crowds. An advance addition of the *Standard*, containing a full report of the day's proceedings, was issued at five o'clock, and a large edition was soon exhausted. Bands played in the Dock Park and Greensands and at various points throughout the town, and altogether the day passed off merrily. There was somewhat heavy rain in the early afternoon, but the latter part of the day was, as the morning had been, bright and sunny.

Digitized by Google

UNPRECEDENTED RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

The day was an unprecedentedly busy one at the passenger station, special trains arriving in quick succession. By the Glasgow & South-Western Railway there were eleven thousand excursionists—a number exceeding by three thousand those who visited Dumfries last year on the occasion of the Highland Society's show. Till late in the evening the officials were kept busy despatching the trains, the last of which left about ten o'clock, after the concert; and though there was considerable crushing, owing to the excellent arrangements of Mr Robertson good order prevailed, and the trains were despatched with promptitude. About four thousand arrived by the Caledonian trains, and this traffic was supervised with ability by Mr Crawford.

ANNAN AND THE CENTENARY.

In local commemoration of the centenary an open-air concert was held on the Quarter Cake, on Tuesday evening, when Burns's songs were rendered by a specially trained choir under Mr Meikle, and instrumental music discoursed by Mr Bull's band from Carlisle. The attendance was very large. The entertainment was opened by a few remarks from Provost Hiddleston and Mr Muir, who each took an opportunity to pay a warm tribute to the memory of Burns. A thoroughly enjoyable two hours were spent, during which several dances were engaged in, and at the close Mr Meikle and his choir were heartily thanked for their services, and to Messrs R. Robinson & Sons for granting the use of their ground.

LETTER FROM LORD ROSEBERY.

Provost Glover, in fulfilment of a jocular promise made during the Earl of Rosebery's visit to Dumfries, forwarded to his Lordship one of the old pikes which were handed out to the burghers in 1804, to repel the then threatened invasion by Napoleon Buonaparte. He received in acknowledgment the following very gratifying letter:—

August 4, 1896,
The Durdans, Epsom.

My Dear Provost,—I will not delay thanking you for the pike until I reach Dalmeny, which may not be for ten days. I shall value it

Digitized by Google

sincerely as a curious relic, and as a memorial of the Provost to whom I owe both allegiance and gratitude, and for whom I shall always retain the pleasantest feelings of friendship and regard. I wish you would add to my obligation by sending me copies of the Dumfries newspaper or newspapers that contain the local official accounts of the centenary. I can say now in cold blood that I think it was by far the most interesting memorial ceremony that ever I witnessed.

Pray believe me, with kind regards to Mrs Glover, faithfully,

ROSEBERY.

The employees of Rosefield Mills presented Lord Rosebery and Sir Robert Reid each with a length of cloth woven in the procession ; and the gifts were gratefully acknowledged.

LORD ROSEBERY'S GLASGOW SPEECH.

Lord Rosebery was the principal speaker at a great public demonstration which took place in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, on the evening of the 21st. Addresses were also delivered by Emeritus Professor Masson and Rev. Dr Walter C. Smith. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Glasgow Burns Exhibition Committee, and the hall, to which admission was by ticket, was filled in all parts.

His Lordship said :—Ladies and gentlemen, it is a great pleasure to find myself in this hall on a non-political occasion. We are here to-day to celebrate Burns. (Applause.) What the direct connection of Burns with Glasgow may be I am not exactly sure ; but, at anyrate, I am confident of this, that in the great metropolis of the West there is a clear claim that we should celebrate the genius of Robert Burns. (Applause.) I have celebrated it already elsewhere. I cannot, perhaps, deny that the day has been a day of labour, but it has been a labour of love. (Cheers.) It is, and it must be, a source of joy and pride to us to see our champion Scotsman receive the honour and admiration and affection of humanity ; to see, as I have seen this morning, the long processions bringing homage and tribute to the conquering dead. (Cheers.) But these have only been signs and symptoms of the world-wide passion of reverence and devotion. That generous and immortal soul pervades the universe to-day. (Cheers.) In the humming city and in the crowd of man ; in the backwood and in the swamp ; where the sentinel paces the bleak frontier, and where the sailor smokes his evening pipe ; and, above all, where the farmer and his men pursue

Digitized by Google

their summer toil, whether under the Stars and Stripes or under the Union Jack—the thought and sympathy of men are directed to Robert Burns. (Applause.) I have sometimes asked myself, if a roll-call of fame were read over at the beginning of every century, how many men of eminence would answer a second time to their names. But of our poet there is no doubt or question. The "adsum" of Burns rings out clear and unchallenged. There are few before him on the list, and we cannot now conceive a list without him. He towers high, and yet he lived in an age when the average was sublime. It sometimes seems to me as if the whole eighteenth century was a constant preparation for, a constant working up to, the great drama of the revolution which closed it. The scenery is all complete when the time arrives—the dark, volcanic country; the hungry, desperate people; the firefly nobles; the concentrated splendour of the Court—in the midst, in her place as heroine, the dazzling Queen. And during long previous years brooding nature had been producing not merely the immediate actors, but figures worthy of the scene. What a glittering procession it is! We can only mark some of the principal figures. Burke leads the way by seniority; then come Fox and Geothe; Nelson and Mozart; Schiller, Pitt, and Burns; Wellington and Napoleon. And among these Titans, Burns is a conspicuous figure; the figure which appeals most of all to the imagination and affection of mankind. (Applause.) Napoleon looms larger to the imagination, but on the affection he has no hold. It is in the combination of the two powers that Burns is supreme. What is his secret? We are always discussing him and endeavouring to find it out. Perhaps, like the latent virtue of some medicinal baths, it may never be satisfactorily explained. But, at anyrate, let us discuss him again. That is, I presume, our object to-night. What pleasanter or more familiar occupation can there be for Scotsmen? But the Scotsmen who enjoy it have generally perhaps more time than I. Pardon then the imperfections of my speech, for I speak of a subject which no one can altogether compass, and which a busy man has perhaps no right to attempt. The clue to Burns's extraordinary hold on mankind is possibly a complicated one; it has, perhaps, many developments. If so, we have not time to consider it to-night. But I personally believe the causes are, like most great causes, simple; though it might take long to point out all the ways in which they operate. The secret, as it seems to me, lies in two words—inspiration and sympathy. (Applause.) But, if I wished to prove my contention, I should go on quoting from his poems all night, and his admirers would still declare that I had omitted the best passages. (Laughter.) I know that profuse quotation is a familiar form of a Burns speech, but I am afraid to begin lest

Digitized by Google

should not end, and I am sure I should not satisfy. I must proceed, then, in a more summary way. Now, ladies and gentlemen, there seem to me to be two great natural forces in British literature. I use the safe adjective of British—(laughter and applause); and your applause shows me that I was right to do so. (Laughter and applause.) I use it partly because hardly any of Burns's poetry is strictly English, partly because he hated and was, perhaps, the first to protest against the use of the word English as including Scottish. Well, I say, there are in that literature two great forces of which the power seems sheer inspiration and nothing else—I mean Shakespeare and Burns. This is not the place or the time to speak of that miracle called Shakespeare, but one must say a word of the miracle called Burns. Try and reconstruct Burns as he was. A peasant, born in a cottage that no sanitary inspector in these days would tolerate for a moment—(laughter)—struggling with desperate effort against pauperism, almost in vain; snatching at scraps of learning in the intervals of toil, as it were with his teeth; a heavy, silent lad, proud of his ploughing. All of a sudden, without preface or warning, he breaks out into exquisite song, like a nightingale from the brushwood, and continues singing as sweetly—with nightingale pauses—till he dies. A nightingale sings because he cannot help it; he can only sing exquisitely, because he knows no other. So it was with Burns. What is this but inspiration? One can no more measure or reason about it than measure or reason about Niagara. Under the limitations which I have imposed upon myself to-night we must take for granted the incomparable excellence of his poetry. But I must ask you to remember that the poetry is only a fragment of Burns. Amazing as it may seem, all contemporary testimony is unanimous that the man was far more wonderful than his works. (Applause.) "It will be the misfortune of Burns's reputation," writes an accomplished lady, who might well have judged him harshly, "in the records of literature, not only to future generations and to foreign countries, but even with his native Scotland and a number of his contemporaries, that he has been regarded as a poet, and nothing but a poet. . . . Poetry," she continues "(I appeal to all who had the advantage of being personally acquainted with him) was actually not his forte. . . None, certainly, ever outshone Burns in the charms—the sorcery, I would almost call it—of fascinating conversation, the spontaneous eloquence of social argument, or the unstudied poignancy of brilliant repartee." And she goes on to describe the almost superhuman fascination of his voice and of his eyes, those balls of black fire which electrified all on whom they rested. (Applause.) It seems strange to be told that it would be an injustice to judge Burns by his poetry alone; but as to

Digitized by Google

the magnetism of his presence and conversation there is only one verdict. "No man's conversation ever carried me so completely off my feet," said the Duchess of Gordon—the friend of Pitt and of the London wits, the queen of Scottish society. Dugald Stewart says that "all the faculties of Burns's mind were, so far as I could judge, equally vigorous, and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper, than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities." And of his prose compositions the same severe judge speaks thus—"Their great and varied excellences render some of them scarcely less objects of wonder than his poetical performances. The late Dr Robertson used to say that, considering his education, the former seemed to him the more remarkable of the two." "I think Burns," said Principal Robertson to a friend, "was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met with. His poetry surprised me very much, his prose surprised me still more, and his conversation surprised me more than both his poetry and prose." We are told, too, that "he felt a strong call towards oratory, and all who heard him speak —and some of them were excellent judges—admitted his wonderful quickness of apprehension and readiness of eloquence." All this seems to me marvellous. It surely ratifies the claim of inspiration without the necessity of quoting a line of his poetry. (Applause.) I pass then to his sympathy. If his talents were universal, his sympathy was not less so. His tenderness was not a mere selfish tenderness for his own family, for he loved all mankind except the cruel and the base. Nay, we may go further and say that he placed all creation, especially the suffering and despised part of it, under his protection. The oppressor in every shape, even in the comparatively innocent embodiment of the factor and the sportsman, he regarded with direct and personal hostility. (Laughter and applause.) But above all he saw the charm of the home; he recognised it as the basis of all society, he honoured it in its humblest form, for he knew, as few know, how unpretentiously, but how sincerely, the family in the cottage is welded by mutual love and esteem. "I recollect once," said Dugald Stewart, speaking of Burns, "he told me, when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind which none could understand, who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and worth which they contained." (Applause.) He dwells repeatedly on the primary sacredness of the home and the family, the responsibility of fatherhood and marriage. "Have I not," he once

Digitized by Google

wrote to Lord Mar, "a more precious stake in my country's welfare than the richest dukedom in it? I have a large family of children, and the prospect of many more." (Laughter.) The lines in which he tells his faith are not less memorable than the stately stanzas in which Gray sings the "short and simple annals of the poor." I must quote them again, often quoted as they are—

> To mak' a happy fireside clime
> To weans and wife,
> That's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life.

(Applause.) His verses, then, go straight to the heart of every home; they appeal to every father and mother. But that is only the beginning, perhaps the foundation, of his sympathy. There is something for everybody in Burns. He has a heart even for vermin; he has pity even for the arch-enemy of mankind. And his universality makes his poems a treasure-house in which all may find what they want. Every wayfarer in the journey of life may pluck strength and courage from it as he passes. The sore, the weary, the wounded, will all find something to heal and soothe. For this great master is the universal Samaritan. Where the priest and the Levite may have passed by in vain, this eternal heart will still afford a resource. (Applause.) But he is not only for the sick in spirit. The friend, the lover, the patriot, will all find their choicest refreshment in Burns. His touch is everywhere, and it is everywhere the touch of genius. Nothing comes amiss to him. What was said of the debating power of his eminent contemporary, Dundas, may be said of his poetry—"He went out in all weathers." And it may be added that all weathers suited him; that he always brought back something precious, something we cherish, something that cannot die. (Applause.) He is, then, I think, the universal friend in an unique sense. But he was, poetically speaking, the special friend of Scotland, in a sense which recalls a profound remark of another eminent Scotsman—I mean Fletcher of Saltoun. In an account of a conversation between Lord Cromarty, Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Christopher Musgrave, and himself, Fletcher writes—"I said I knew a very wise man, so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment, that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." (Applause.) This may be rudely paraphrased, that it is more important to make the songs of a nation than to frame its laws; and this again may be interpreted to mean that in former days, at anyrate in the days of Fletcher, even to the days of Burns, it is the familiar songs of a people that mould their thoughts, their manners, and their morals. (Applause.) If this be true, can we exaggerate the debt that

Digitized by Google

we Scotsmen owe to Burns? (Applause.) He has bequeathed to his country the most exquisite casket of songs in the world—(applause)—primarily to his country, though others cannot be denied their share. I will give only one example, but that is a signal one. From distant Roumania the Queen of that country wrote to Dumfries to-day—(applause)—that she has no copy of Burns with her, but that she knows his songs by heart. (Applause.) We must remember too that there is more than this to be said. Many of Burns's songs were already in existence in the lips and minds of the people—rough and coarse and obscene. Our benefactor takes them, and with a touch of inspired alchemy transmutes them and leaves them pure gold. He loved the old catches and the old tunes, and into these gracious moulds he poured his exquisite gifts of thought and expression. But for him those ancient airs, often wedded to words which no decent man could recite, would have perished from that corruption if not from neglect. He rescued them for us by his songs, and in doing so he hallowed the life and sweetened the breath of Scotland. (Applause.) I have also used the words "patriot" and "lover." These words draw me to different lines of thought. The word "patriot" leads me to the political side of Burns. There is no doubt that he was suspected of being a politician—(laughter)—and he is even said to have sometimes wished to enter Parliament. (Renewed laughter.) That was perhaps an excusable aberration, and my old friend Professor Masson—(applause)—has, I think, surmised that had he lived he might have been a great Liberal pressman. (Applause.) My frail thought shall not dally with such surmise, but it conducts us naturally to the subject of Burns's politics. From his sympathy for his own class, from his indignation against nobles like the Duke of Queensberry, and from the toasts that cost him so dear, it might be considered easy to infer his political opinions. But Burns should not be claimed for any party. (Applause.) A poet, be it remembered, is never a politician, and a politician is never a poet—(laughter and applause)—that is to say, a politician is never so fortunate as to be a poet, and a poet is so fortunate as never to be a politician. (Renewed laughter.) I do not say that the line of demarcation is never passed—a politician may have risen for a moment, or a poet may have descended—(laughter)—but where there is any confusion between the two callings, it is generally because the poet thinks he discerns, or the politician thinks he needs, something higher than politics. Burns's politics were entirely governed by his imagination. He was at once a Jacobite and a Jacobin. He had the sad sympathy which most of us have felt for the hapless house of Stuart, without the least wish to be governed by it. (Laughter.) He

2672651
Digitized by Google

had much the same sort of abstract sympathy with the French Revolution, when it was setting all Europe to rights; but he was prepared to lay down his life to prevent its putting this island to rights. (Laughter.) And then came his official superiors of the Excise, who, notwithstanding Mr Pitt's admiration of his poetry, snuffed out his politics without remorse. The name of Pitt leads me to add that Burns had some sort of relation with three Prime Ministers. Colonel Jenkinson, of the Cinque Ports Fencible Cavalry—afterwards Minister for fifteen years under the title of Liverpool—was on duty at Burns's funeral, though we are told—the good man—that he disapproved of the poet, and declined to make his acquaintance. Pitt, again, passed on Burns one of his rare and competent literary judgments, so eulogistic, indeed, that one wonders that a powerful Minister could have allowed one whom he admired so much to exist on an exciseman's pay when well, and an exciseman's half-pay when dying. (Applause.) And from Addington, another Prime Minister, Burns elicited a sonnet, which, in the Academy of Lagado, would surely have been held a signal triumph of the art of extracting sunshine from cucumbers. (Laughter.) So much for politics in the party sense. "A man's a man for a' that" is not politics; it is the assertion of the rights of humanity in a sense far wider than politics. It erects all mankind, it is the charter of its self-respect. It binds, it heals, it revives, it invigorates; it sets the bruised and broken on their legs, it refreshes the stricken soul, it is the salve and tonic of character; it cannot be narrowed into politics. (Cheers.) Burns's politics are indeed nothing but the occasional overflow of his human sympathy into past history and current events. And now, having discussed the two trains of thought suggested by the words "friend" and "patriot," I come to the more dangerous word "lover." There is an eternal controversy which, it appears, no didactic oil will ever assuage, as to Burns's private life and morality. Some maintain that these have nothing to do with his poems; some maintain that his life must be read into his works, and here again some think that his life damns his poems, while others aver that his poems cannot be fully appreciated without his life. Another school thinks that his vices have been exaggerated, while their opponents scarcely think such exaggeration possible. It is impossible to avoid taking a side. I walk on the ashes, knowing the fire beneath, and unable to avoid it, for the topic is inevitable. I must confess myself, then, one of those who think that the life of Burns doubles the interest of his poems, and I doubt whether the failings of his life have been much exaggerated, for contemporary testimony on that point is

Digitized by Google

strong, though a high and excellent authority, Mr Wallace, has recently taken the other side with much power and point. But the life of Burns, which I love to read with his poems, does not consist in his vices; they lie outside it. It is a life of work, and truth, and tenderness. And though, like all lives, it has its light and shade, remember that we know it all, the worst as well as the best. His was a soul bathed in crystal; he hurried to avow everything. There was no reticence in him. The only obscure passage in his life is the love passage with Highland Mary, and as to that he was silent not from shame, but because it was a sealed and sacred episode. "What a flattering idea," he once wrote, "is a world to come! There shall I with speechless agony of rapture again recognise my lost, my ever dear Mary! whose bosom was fraught with truth, honour, constancy, and love." He had, as the French say, the defects of his qualities. His imagination was a supreme and celestial gift. But his imagination often led him wrong, and never more than with women. The chivalry that made Don Quixote see the heroic in all the common events of life made Burns (as his brother tells us) see a goddess in every girl that he approached. Hence many love affairs, and some guilty ones; but even these must be judged with reference to time and circumstance. This much is certain, that had he been devoid of genius they would not have attracted attention. It is Burns's pedestal that affords a target. And why, one may ask, is not the same measure meted out to Burns as to others? The bastards of great captains and statesmen and princes are treated as historical and ornamental incidents. They strut the scene of Shakespeare, and ruff it with the best. It is for the unlawful children of Burns, though he and his wife cherished them as if born in wedlock, that the vials of wrath are reserved. Take two brilliant figures, both of royal ancestry, who were alive during Burns's life. We occupy ourselves endlessly and severely with the lapses of Burns. We heave an elegant sigh over the kindred frailties of Charles James Fox and Charles Edward Stewart. (Applause.) Again, it is quite clear that, though exceptionally sober in his earlier years, he drank too much in later life. But this, it must be remembered, was but an occasional condescendence to the vice and habit of the age. The gentry who pressed him to their houses, and who were all convivial, have much to answer for. His admirers who thronged to see him, and who could only conveniently sit with him in a tavern, are also responsible for this habit, so perilously attractive to men of genius. From the decorous Addison, and the brilliant Bolingbroke onward, the eighteenth century records hard drinking as the common incident of

Digitized by Google

intellectual eminence. To a man who had shone supreme in the most glowing society, and who was now an exciseman in a country town, with a home that cannot have been very exhilarating, and with a nervous system highly strung, the temptation of the warm tavern, and the admiring circle there, may well have been almost irresistible. Some attempt to say that his intemperance was exaggerated. I neither affirm nor deny. It was not as a sot he drank; that no one insinuated; if he succumbed it was to good fellowship. (Cheers.) Remember, I do not seek to palliate or excuse, and, indeed, none will be turned to dissipation by Burns's example; he paid too dearly for it. But I will say this, that it all seems infinitely little, infinitely remote. Why do we strain, at this distance, to discern this dim spot on the poet's mantle? (Applause.) Shakespeare and Ben Johnson took their cool tankard at the Mermaid; we cannot afford, in the strictest view of literary responsibility, to quarrel with them for that. When we consider Pitt and Goethe we do not concentrate our vision on Pitt's bottles of port or Goethe's bottles of Moselle. Then, why, we ask, is there such a chasm between the Mermaid and the Globe, and why are the vintages of Wimbledon and Weimar so much more innocent than the simple punch-bowl of Inveraray marble and its contents? (Applause.) I should like to go a step further and affirm that we have something to be grateful for even in the weakness of men like Burns. Mankind is helped in its progress almost as much by the study of imperfection as by the contemplation of perfection. Had we nothing before us in our futile and halting lives but saints and the ideal we might well fail altogether. We grope blindly along the catacombs of the world, we climb the dark ladder of life, we feel our way to futurity, but we can scarcely see an inch around or before us. We stumble and falter and fall, our hands and knees are bruised and sore, and we look up for light and guidance. Could we see nothing but distant, unapproachable impeccability, we might well sink prostrate in the hopelessness of emulation and the weariness of despair. Is it not then, when all seems blank and lightless and lifeless, when strength and courage flag, and when perfection seems as remote as a star, is it not then that imperfection helps us? (Hear, hear.) When we see that the greatest and choicest images of God have had their weaknesses like ours, their temptations, their hours of darkness, their bloody sweat, are we not encouraged by their lapses and catastrophes to find energy for one more effort, one more struggle? (Cheers.) Where they failed we feel it a less dishonour to fail; their errors and sorrows make, as it were, an easier ascent from infinite imperfection to infinite perfection. Man after all is not ripened by virtue

Digitized by Google

alone. Were it so this world were a paradise of angels. No! Like the growth of the earth, he is the fruit of all the seasons; the accident of a thousand accidents, a living mystery, moving through the seen to the unseen. He is sown in dishonour; he is matured under all the varieties of heat and cold; in mist and wrath, in snow and vapours, in the melancholy of autumn, in the torpor of winter, as well as in the rapture and fragrance of summer, or the balmy affluence of the spring—its breath, its sunshine, its dew. And at the end he is reaped—the product, not of one climate, but of all; not of good alone, but of evil; not of joy alone, but of sorrow--perhaps mellowed and ripened, perhaps stricken and withered and sour. How, then, shall we judge anyone? How, at anyrate, shall we judge a giant—great in gifts and great in temptation; great in strength and great in weakness? Let us glory in his strength and be comforted in his weakness. And, when we thank heaven for the inestimable gift of Burns, we do not need to remember wherein he was imperfect, we cannot bring ourselves to regret that he was made of the same clay as ourselves. (Loud applause.)

Digitized by Google

BURNS IN DUMFRIESSHIRE.

Burns's first appearance in Dumfries, where he was to spend his closing years, was on the 4th of June, 1787, two months after the second edition of his poems had been published, and on his way home from his English tour. Mr M'Dowall says he came on invitation to be made an honorary burgess; neither the givers nor the receiver of the privilege dreaming that he was destined to become an inhabitant of the town. "All honour to the Council that they thus promptly recognised the genius of the Poet. Provost William Clark shaking hands with the newly-made burgess, and wishing him joy, when he presented himself in the veritable blue coat and yellow vest that Nasmyth has rendered familiar, would make a good subject for a painter able to realise the characteristics of such a scene." The burgess ticket granted to the illustrious stranger bore the following inscription.—

"The said day, 4th June, 1787, Mr Robert Burns, Ayrshire, was admitted burgess of this burgh, with liberty to exercise and enjoy the whole immunities and privileges thereof as freely as any other does, may, or can enjoy; who, being present, accepted the same, and gave his oath of burgess-ship to his Majesty and the burgh in common form."

There is no record of this notable transaction in the Council minute books. It does not seem to have been the custom in those days to keep a register of the honorary certificates issued. But the burgess ticket itself was preserved by the poet; and he subsequently claimed from the magistrates the educational privileges which its possession entitled him to.

It was after his brilliant Edinburgh season, when the Poet was compelled by the circumstances of himself and Jean Armour, to seriously think of settling down in life, that he visited Dumfriesshire to inspect the farm of Ellisland, on the Dalswinton estate of his friend Miller—under whose auspices and upon the loch there the first experiment in steam navigation was made. The lease was signed the 13th March, 1788, the "date on which Jean's second pair of twins are supposed to have made their appearance;" and though it was to run as from Whitsunday he did not take possession till the middle of June. His time till the end of autumn was occupied in getting ready the farm and rushing backward and forward over a distance of forty-five miles to Mauchline, where his wife still was. "Present or absent, his dominant feeling during his honeymoon, strengthened by interruption, was that

Digitized by Google

which inspires one of his most popular songs, 'Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.'" In one of his melancholy moods he writes: "Nothing flourishes among them"—the Nithsdale folk—"but stupidity and canting; they have as much idea of a rhinoceros as of a poet;" and "their whisky is rascally." Ere the month was over, however, he had opened up friendly relations with his neighbours, and he had reason to change his opinion of them. There was no suitable dwelling on the farm when Burns took possession, and until he had built one he lodged with the outgoing tenant, David Cully or Kelly, in a very humble domicile overshadowed by tower of Isle. To this place he brought Mrs Burns in the first week of December; and then in his exuberance of joy he sang "I ha'e a wife o' my ain." When the new house was furnished there was a formal entry. The road from the Isle to Ellisland, a short half-mile in length, is along a high bush-fringed margin of the river, and "over this always beautiful and henceforth classic ground Burns and his partner, arm-in-arm, he muscular and swarthy, she light, handsome, and fair, travelled with solemn pace and slow, preceded by a peasant girl carrying the Family Bible and a bowl of salt." The farm extended to 170 imperial acres, and though not kindly, was yet moderately productive. Nor was the rent heavy. For the first three years it was to be £50 a year, and during the remainder of the lease, which was for four successive terms of 19 years each, it was to be £70; the tenant getting from the proprietor £300 for the expense of the dwelling-house and offices.

The satisfaction which he felt was shewn by the buoyancy of his spirits. Among the pieces which he composed in the Ellisland period are "Auld Lang Syne," "Scots wha hae"—on a Galloway moor—"Mary in Heaven," "The Siller Tassie," "Dweller in yon dungeon dark," "The Kirk's Alarm," "John Anderson my Jo," "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," "The Whistle," "Yestreen I had a pint of wine," "Here Land o' Cakes and Brither Scots," "Tam o' Shanter," "Bonnie wee thing," "Farewell thou fair day." Round the dawn of 1790 clouds began to thicken round; and Burns had to fall back upon his second line of defence—the Excise. Under the patronage of Mr Graham of Fintry he obtained an appointment as a guager at a salary of £50, to rise to £70; but the duties thus undertaken, compelling him to ride some 200 miles a week, were a severe strain upon his strength, so he finally surrendered the lease, realised good prices for his stock, but leaving £300 of money sunk beyond redemption, and flitted to the Wee Vennel in Dumfries, October, 1791, in the flat over the stamp shop of his friend Syme, and having a fellow tenant on the floor above in the

Digitized by Google

person of Mr George Haugh, blacksmith. In this place he resided until May, 1793, when he removed to the two-storey dwelling in Mill Vennel, where he continued to reside until his death, 21st July, 1796.

HOUSE IN WHICH BURNS DIED.

His Dumfries period is perhaps the saddest but at the same time it is one of the most fruitful periods of the poet's life. His family was increasing; he had the utmost difficultv in making two ends meet; his society was courted, and occasionally he gave way to excess; and yet he poured forth a priceless treasure of exquisite song. But morally town life never did agree with Burns. He writes, November, 1791, to Ainslie—"My wife scolds me, my business torments me, and my sins come staring me in the face;" and later on he writes to Mrs Dunlop that it is the occasional heavy drinking at the houses of rich friends that he has to fear. But his political opinions, his sympathies with the French Revolution, were far more than any insobriety of conduct the cause of much of the stand-offishness of some respectabilities in town and country. His indiscretion at Woodley Park (now Goldielea) cost him for a time the friendship of Mrs Riddell, and of her brother-in-law, Captain Riddell. The verses in which he resented the lady's displeasure are the least creditable and the most cruel that Burns ever wrote; but the tender lament which he poured out on the day of Captain Riddell's death restored the former kindly feeling; he was visited at the Brow by Mrs Riddell, and the finest contemporary notice of the Poet was written by that clever and vivacious lady. To the Dumfries period we owe "Ae fond kiss and then we sever," "Willie

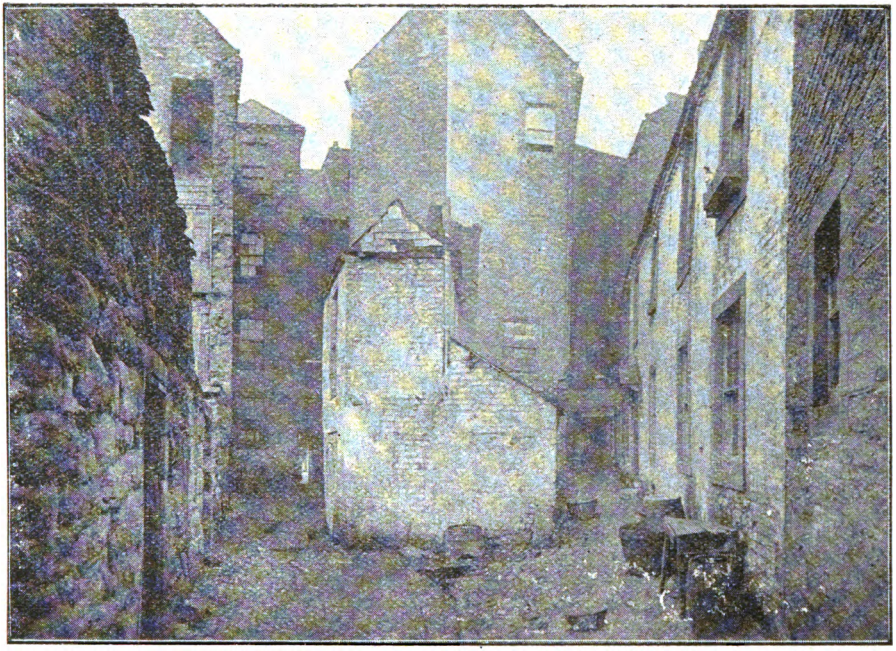
Digitized by Google

Wastle," "Auld Rob Morris," "Duncan Gray," "What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?" "Last May a braw wooer," "Ye banks and braes," "O, wert thou in the cauld blast," "Flow gently sweet Afton," "O whistle and I'll come tae ye, my lad," "Does haughty Gaul," "The Soldier's Return," "The Election Ballads." Altogether the Dumfriesshire period was his most prolific, and the quality of the work was then at its best. But the end was drawing to a close.

Early in January, 1796, the poet's stay at the Globe was protracted (says Mr M'Dowall) far into the morning. There was a fell frost in the air, and a deep snow on the ground, as he passed up the close on his homeward way. Hours elapsed, however, before he reached home. Affected by the liquor he had taken, and the freezing cold of the atmosphere, a drowsiness—dread prelude of the sleep of death—overpowered him, and he lay long insensible at the head of the close where it joins with Shakespeare Street. He had been suffering previously from what Dr Currie calls "an accidental complaint," which, with the strong medicine given to counteract it, disarmed his constitution, so that the merciless air of the month, which thirty-seven years before "blew hansel in on Robin," pierced through his frame with unresisted and fatal influence. But for this casual incident the thread of his existence might possibly have been much prolonged; and better fortune was in store for him had he lived to enjoy it. The political ferment from which he suffered had subsided; he was acquiring a higher social position—was no longer a suspected person—was in the fair way of obtaining professional advancement—and was being consoled in some degree for present poverty by rich fortastes of future fame, which must have been most welcome balm to his proud and wounded spirit. Burns was never fairly himself after that dreadful morning, though swan-like he kept singing under the shadow of death.

Some time in the following month of March Miss Grace Aitken, daughter of Burns's early patron, Mr Robert Aitken, of Ayr, when proceeding along the streets of Dumfries to visit her friend Mrs Coupland, passed by a tall, guant, rather slovenly-looking person of sickly aspect, who uttered an exclamation which made her pause. The voice was the voice of Burns, but the figure seemed to her that of quite another man: so altered was he since, ten years before, she had seen him at her father's house. On being urgently solicited to accompany her to the residence of Mrs Coupland, Burns consented, and there conversed with Miss Aitken and their hostess of other and happier days spent on the banks of Ayr and Doon. Spring came and went without bringing any relief to the doomed bard; and summer found him lying almost hope-

Digitized by Google



THE GLOBE INN—To the right, looking down the close towards High Street.

Digitized by Google

lessly prostrate in a humble cottage at Brow, ten miles from Dumfries, on the shores of the Solway, whither he had gone in search of health.

BURNS'S LAST JOURNEY.

(From the "Dumfries Standard" of Saturday, 18th July.)

It is just one hundred years to-day—the 18th of July—since the pony trap of Mr James Gracie, banker in Dumfries, and Dean of Guild, stopped at the foot of the Millhole Brae, and Robert Burns alighted from it, and walked—toilfully and with assistance—up the short but steep ascent to his own house for the last time. Before setting out for the Brow, in the vain quest of health from which he now returned a dying man, he had said with confidence to his wife :—"Don't be afraid Jean ; I'll be more thought of a hundred years after I'm dead." To-day Dumfries is preparing in honour of his memory a demonstration such as has never, we believe, been witnessed in the previous history of the town. The decorations of the streets and the pageant to which these are a preliminary attest the truth of his prophecy ; and when we reflect that far Australia and our kith and kin beyond the Atlantic join with Scottish town and hamlet and strath in doing homage to his genius, we feel that the prediction has been fulfilled with a completeness to which his utmost expectation could scarcely reach.

It was on the 4th of July that the poet went to the Brow, hoping almost against hope that sea-bathing and the drinking of its medicinal waters would enable him to conquer the illness which had prostrated him since the beginning of the year. He lodged in a little inn, kept by a Mr Davidson, which stood almost directly opposite to the "Brow Well," on the left side of the road going from Dumfries. The cottage was removed, with complete disregard of its associations, in 1863, and newer houses occupy its site. Some touching incidents of that visit to the Brow have been preserved. One was a meeting with one of his best and most steadfast friends, though there had been a painful estrangement, Mrs Riddell of Woodley Park (now Goldielea), like himself an invalid at the time. She tells how on entering the room he asked—"Madam, have you any commands for the other world ?" and spoke of his death "without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness as well as feeling, as an event likely to happen very soon," and which gave him concern chiefly on account of his wife and young family. He shewed also anxiety about the care of his literary fame, expressing a fear that letters and verses written with unguarded freedom and indifferent poetical pieces would be revived to the injury of his future reputation.

Digitized by Google

Mr M'Dowall, the biographer of the Dumfries period of his career, relates how at Ruthwell Manse, when the young lady of the house proposed to screen him from the summer sun, Burns exclaimed—"Let the sun shine in upon us, my dear young lady; he has not now long to shine for me." These words form the text of some beautiful verses in which Mr M'Dowall represents the dying bard as addressing the great luminary in his own sunset hour. We quote the final stanza :—

The sunless grave ! no straggling ray
  Of thine can pierce its dread recess ;
Nor would the soul-deserted clay
  Be conscious of its warm caress.
Yet grieve I not, by care opprest,
  To meet the doom I soon maun dree ;
Since, though it shade thy beams so blest,
  'Twill scatter far the clouds frae me.

THE FUNERAL OF BURNS.

It was on the 21st July, 1796, that the poet breathed his last in the house which the Industrial School now adjoins, and the funeral took place on the following Monday, 25th July. It was of a public character, and started from the Midsteeple, to which the body had been removed on the Sabbath evening. The following is the account of it which appeared in the *Dumfries Journal* :—"The military here, consisting of the Cinque Ports Cavalry and the Angus-shire Fencibles, having handsomely tendered their services, lined the streets on both sides to the burial ground. The Royal Dumfries Volunteers (of which he was a member) in uniform, with crapes on their left arms, supported the bier. A party of that corps, appointed to perform the military obsequies, moving in slow, solemn time to 'The Dead March in Saul,' which was played by the military band, preceded in mournful array with arms reversed. The principal part of the inhabitants of this town and neighbourhood, with a number of the particular friends of the bard from remote parts, followed in procession—the great bells of the churches tolling at intervals. Arrived at the churchyard gate the funeral party, according to the rules of that exercise, formed two lines, and leaned their heads on their fire-locks pointed to the ground. Through this space the corpse was carried, and borne forward to the grave. The party then drew up along side of it, and fired three volleys over the coffin when deposited in the earth. The whole ceremony presented a solemn, grand, and affecting spectacle ; and accorded with the general sorrow and regret for the loss of a man whose like we scarce can see again."

Digitized by Google

BURN'S FUNERAL—HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES, 1796.
(Old Cross and Draw-Well, which were then to the south of the Steeple, not given by artist.)

Digitized by Google

THE POET'S MAUSOLEUM.

"For many years (says Mr M'Dowall), a simple slab of freestone, placed over the poet's grave by his widow, was his only material monument. Eventually, however, a general movement was made for the erection of a mausoleum in some degree worthy of his genius; and as money flowed in liberally for the scheme from almost every quarter, and from lowly peasants and mechanics up to Majesty itself, the work was proceeded with and completed in 1815. The Mausoleum, in form like a Grecian temple, was designed by Mr T. F. Hunt, of London; and a mural sculpture for the interior was supplied by an Italian artist named Turnerelli, intended to embody one of the poet's own concep-

Digitized by Google

tions—the genius of Coila finding her favourite son at the plough, and throwing her inspiriting mantle over him. The figures were critically inspected by a committee of gentlemen, including the poet's brother, Gilbert, who signified his high satisfaction with the graceful appearance of Coila, and the ethereal lightness of her mantle; and under the guidance of his correct eye and tenacious memory, the sculptor was enabled to render more faithful the likeness of the principal figure. As a whole, however, the statuary is not of the highest class, though it has been sometimes greatly underrated. This much may be said in its favour, that its meaning is intelligible; and that if it does not satisfy fastidious art critics, it appeals successfully to the popular eye and heart."

The subscriptions towards the Mausoleum included £135 from Liverpool, £96 from Trinidad, £81 from Montreal, £25 from Glasgow Galloway and Dumfriesshire Society, £21 from Lodge Canongate (of which Burns was Laureate), and 50 guineas from the Prince Regent.

On the 1st of April, 1834, the remains of Mrs Burns were interred in the Mausoleum; and it was at this time that a plaster cast of the poet's skull was taken.

THE BIRTH CENTENARY.

Our readers will be interested at this time by a brief account of the demonstration which took place at Dumfries on the occasion of the centenary of the birth of the Poet. The weather during the day of the 25th January, 1859, was favourable, but in the evening torrents of rain fell. The streets were decorated with profusion, and the procession was reported to have far transcended any that ever previously took place in Dumfries. It left the Academy yard at twelve o'clock in the following order, four abreast, the place of the various trades having been assigned by ballot:—Magistrates and Town Council of Dumfries, Magistrates and Town Council of Maxwelltown, Water Commissioners, Merchants and Traders, Bakers, Ironfounders, Shoemakers, Painters, Stocking-makers, Hammermen, Plumbers and Tinsmiths, Saddlers, Handloom Weavers, Operatives at Nithsdale Mills, Coachbuilders, Tailors, Joiners, Cabinetmakers, and Coopers, Operatives at Kingholm Mills, Fleshers, Highland Society, Drapers' Assistants, Early Closing Association, Members of the Mechanics' Institute, Apprentice Masons, Freemasons.

The following account of the procession appeared in the *Dumfries Standard* of the following day:—"That it was magnificent whether the order, numbers, or appointments are concerned is admitted on all hands. An old friend of ours, conversant with such matters, declared his belief that nothing like it had ever been seen in a provincial town in Scotland,

Digitized by Google

and that it far transcended any procession that ever took place in Dumfries. Several organised bodies that never marched here publicly before joined in the general movement; and it was appropriately headed by the highest of our burghal dignitaries. First came the town officers, carrying halberds; then the superintendent of police, with the chief magistrate's staff; then three open carriages, the first occupied by Provost Leighton and Bailie Pagan; the second by Bailies Mundell and Waugh, and Mr Martin, town clerk; the third by Dean Herries and Treasurer Nicholson—all these members of the bench wearing centenary medals. Then came the Magistrates and Town Council of Maxwelltown; next the Water Commissioners, then the trades; the Freemasons in great strength and gallant array bringing up the rear; while the bands were interspersed so as to dispense exhilarating music over the ranks of this vast civic regiment.

"Altogether about 1200 men and lads joined in the procession, and the flags, banners, and insignia were numerous, vividly coloured, and in other respects striking. All the bodies bore distinctive flags, and many of them characteristic models. The bakers shew 'the staff of life' and the golden sheaves from which it is formed; the coopers displayed tiny barrels, and let us know on their flag how Willie brewed a peck o' maut; the iron-founders carry pieces of ingenious workmanship—among others a marine steam-engine buoy at work. Here, in the ranks of the sons of Crispin, is a dainty shoe, such as might have fitted Cinderella, only it is not of glass, but of silk; and flaunting near it is a flag showing how Souter Johnnie fraternised with Tam o' Shanter. A pretty pair of child's hose crossed indicates the body in which they are carried—the old firm of Messrs R. Scott & Sons, led by Mr Murray. The factory operatives muster in great force, those from the Nithsdale Mills being attired in uniform caps, vests, and trousers of tweed, made at the establishment; a flag with a well-painted view of the mills streams in the front, and Burns addressing the wounded 'wanderer of the wood and brake' is pictured on another. From Kingholm Mills there is a goodly array of men with caps of tweed and a spacious banner of that material, made by themselves, attracted much notice; the colours are red, white, and blue, and it is florid with British Union Jacks and Scotland's 'symbol dear,' the 'rough bur-thistle.' Some of the painters are walking advertisements of their wondrous artistic skill; 'the banner-in-hand' men are not difficult to distinguish. The tailors have one coveted trophy in their ranks, the Siller Gun, garlanded, and borne by a veteran tradesman, Deacon Johnstone; and the fleshers display some rare old time-worn flags. But what are these mechanical figures

Digitized by Google

which make people stare and laugh as they are carried along? Industrious little fellows planing away as if for a wager; and besides them are luxurious model-beds, in which they might take a rest when tired. It is a new thing for the drapers' assistants to walk in a public procession, and they look well following their fine new flag; here, too, are the members of the Early Closing Association carrying their distinctive flag and a banner beautifully enwreathed with the motto, 'We'll a' be prood o' Robin.' The Highland Society—'yonder their bonnets nod, their tartans wave'—form a splendid feature in the pageant; and the Freemasons are so imposing in their symbols and hieroglyphics that we despair giving our readers at a distance any fair idea of their appearance. The following lodges were represented: The Thistle, St Michael's and Operatives of Dumfries; St Peter's, Mouswald; St John's, Newabbey; Union, Carlisle; Unanimity, Penrith; St John's, Wigton; Sun, Square, and Compass, Whitehaven; Holy Temple, Longtown; and Perseverance, Maryport. Mr Stewart, the Provincial Grand Master of the Scottish lodges, was present; and the English lodges were headed by the Reverend Worgan Croft Dew. In all 142 brethren walked in the procession; and we noticed among a host of other articles carried by them a neat miniature of windlass, trowel, mallet, and foundation stone—the latter from the Craignair granite quarry, presented by the Messrs Newall. Many more very noticeable things figured in the grand centenary procession; but shortening space hinders us from specifying many others. It passed through the leading streets of both burghs amid a countless throng of admiring gazers; in the course of the march the three new water fountains were opened by the Provost with great *éclat;* and we need hardly say that the places in Dumfries especially associated with Burns were fittingly recognised by the processionists as they passed along; and that, in particular, the house in which he breathed his last had for them a melancholy charm. Frequently we wished, when the procession was seen to best advantage, that it could have been successfully daguerreotyped; but though the living panorama could not be thus falthfully copied, it made a vivid impression on the optic-nerves of thousands which will not be easily effaced. It will be long ere we see its like again."

A rich collection of manuscripts, books, and other memorabilia of the Bard was exhibited at the Observatory, and was visited by large numbers.

The foundation-stone of the Mechanics' Hall was laid with Masonic honours by the Provincial Grand Master, Bro. Stewart of Nateby Hall.

Digitized by Google

After the breaking up of the procession a vast crowd assembled in the Academy yard to hear an address on Burns by Mr Washington Wilks, an American gentleman.

About 220 gentlemen dined together in honour of the centenary, and under the auspices of the Burns Club, in the large hall of the Assembly Rooms. The chair was occupied by Mr James M'Kie of Bargaly, M.P., who proposed "The Immortal Memory of Burns." Colonel Burns, in the course of his reply, remarked that his father, in a state of despondency, once said that a hundred years hence from that time he would be more thought of by the people of Scotland than he was then, and he needed not to say how fully that had been realised that day.

The great popular dinner took place in the Nithsdale Mills, which had just been erected, and in which the machinery had not yet been placed. It was attended by fully a thousand people—Bailie Mundell presiding. At this gathering Mr John Hamilton, of the London *Morning Star*, a native of Dumfries, proposed "The Memory of Burns."

In the evening a concert was given in the Theatre, and was attended by 700 people. The first part of the program consisted of solos and instrumental music, and Burns's cantata, "The Jolly Beggars" (interpreted by eighty performers), formed the second part. The concert closed at twelve o'clock.

The centenary was celebrated with great enthusiasm in Maxwelltown, Annan, Ruthwell, Lochmaben, Lockerbie, Ecclefechan, Moffat, Sanquhar, Langholm, Kirkcudbright, Newton-Stewart, Wigtown, and indeed at every town and village in the district, and also in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and other important towns throughout the country.

BURNS STATUE AT DUMFRIES.

The statue of the Poet in High Street was modelled by Mrs D. O. Hill, cut in Italy, and unveiled by Lord Rosebery on the 6th of April, 1882, when there was a procession, followed by a banquet, and the freedom of the Burgh was conferred upon his Lordship. Of the Statue Committee Mr R. Hamilton was chairman; the late Mr W. M'Dowall, secretary; the late Mr Hugh M'Gregor, treasurer; and Messrs James Rodger, W. Lockerbie, John Dickson, John Herries, Joseph Herries, and John Wilson were members. The only survivors are Messrs Hamilton, Rodger (now residing in New Zealand), Dickson, and John Herries. At the unveiling the cord was drawn by Mrs Hugh M'Gregor.

Digitized by Google

BURNS STATUE AT DUMFRIES.

THE BURNS LINE.

In the *Burns Chronicle* for 1895 there appeared an account of the "direct" descendants of Burns, the direct being limited to the line legitimate. No such limitation would have been imposed by the poet himself, or even by his wife, who received the child of Annie Park at Ellisland and nursed it as her own. Jean had born to Burns twice twins, and was made an "honest woman," as we say in Scotland, only by an irregular marriage. What the world is interested in, therefore, is the authentic character of his lineal posterity. It is an insult to the poet's memory to Bowdlerise his family tree, especially when it is done

Digitized by Google

by men who object to Bowdlerise his poems, though these include much that he never intended for public perusal.

Robert Burns was born at Alloway on January 25th, 1759, and he was married to Jean Armour, who was born at Mauchline on February 25th, 1765. The poet died at Dumfries July 21st, 1796, and was interred in St Michael's Churchyard on the 25th of the same month. On 19th September, 1815, his remains were removed to the Mausoleum. Jean Armour died March 26th, 1834, and was buried beside her husband. Appended is the well-known portrait of Mrs Burns in her widowhood, together with that of her grand-child, Sarah.

Mrs Burns and her Grand-Daughter Sarah (Mrs Hutchinson).

Digitized by Google

By Jean Armour five sons and four daughters were born. The daughters all died in infancy.

ROBERT BURNS THE SECOND. The eldest son of the poet was born at Mauchline, 3rd September, 1786, where his twin sister died. He was brought to Ellisland when three years of age. Educated at Dumries Academy, he was next a distinguished student at Glasgow University, where he matriculated in 1802; and was two sessions at Edinburgh University. Going to London in 1804, he held a clerkship in the Stamp Office there till 1833, when he retired and returned to Dumfries. He possessed a considerable amount of poetical genius, and was the only one of the family in whom the features of the bard were distinctly traceable. He died 14th May, 1857, and was interred in the Mausoleum. He married Anne Sherwood in 1808, and was predeceased by her in 1835. He had issue by his wife one daughter, Eliza, who was taken to India by her uncle, James Glencairn Burns. There she married Dr Everett, of the Madras Medical Service. They returned in 1839. Dr Everett died 1840; Mrs Everett 1878. They had issue one daughter, Martha Burns Everett, who married Mr Matthew Thomas, a relative of her father's family, and she now resides at Martinstown, Killinick, County Wexford, Ireland. She has no family. We append her portrait.

MRS THOMAS.

Digitized by Google

The eldest son of the poet had also issue by Emma Bland, (1) Robert Burns the third and (2) Jane Emma Burns, wife of Mr Thomas Brown, Dumfries. They were brought up in family with their father when he resided in English Street, Dumfries, in the upper floor of what is now Bell's Temperance Hotel. Robert became a schoolmaster, and we have before us a photo of him and his pupils, taken in front of Loreburn Street U.P. Church, opposite to which his schoolroom was. He stands behind a blackboard, on which he leans, and on which is inscribed in chalk in a hand not unlike the poet's own,

A man may gang a kennin' wrang ;
To step aside is human.

This Robert married Mary Campbell, daughter of Mr Campbell, schoolmaster, Dumfries, and by her he had issue one son, Robert the Fourth, who served apprenticeship as an iron-founder, and subsequently enlisted. On retiring from the army he was appointed keeper of a powder magazine in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh ; and he died there some months ago. Mrs Brown, aunt to Mrs Thomas, bears a striking likeness to other members of the family, as the following portrait shews.

MRS BROWN.

Digitized by Google

Her daughter, Jeanie Armour Burns Brown, whose portrait follows, resembles the Nasmyth painting of the poet more closely perhaps than any other living representative.

MISS JEANIE BROWN.

Twin daughters were born to the poet on 3rd March, 1788. Both died in infancy, and are interred in Mauchline Churchyard.

FRANCIS WALLACE, the Poet's second son, named in honour of Mrs Dunlop, his patron, and lineal descendant of the national hero Sir William Wallace, was born at Ellisland, August 18th, 1789; died 9th July, 1803. Buried in the Mausoleum.

WILLIAM NICOL BURNS, the third son of the poet, named after William Nicol of the Edinburgh High School, was born at Ellisland, 9th April, 1791. Entered the service of the East India Company, became a Colonel, and retired in 1843, taking up his residence at Chel-

Digitized by Google

tenham. Died there 21st February, 1872, and buried in the Mausoleum at Dumfries. Married Catherine Adelaide Crone, daughter of Mr R. Crone, Dublin; and was predeceased by her 29th June, 1841. She died in India. There was no issue.

ELIZABETH RIDDELL, named in honour of Mrs Riddell of Glenriddell, was born at Dumfries, 21st November, 1792; died at Mauchline, September, 1795, and was buried in the Armour lair, in Mauchline Churchyard.

JAMES GLENCAIRN BURNS, named after the Earl of Glencairn, was born at Dumfries, 12th August, 1794, educated at Dumfries Academy and Christ's Hospital, London. Went to India at the age of sixteen as a cadet in the E.I.C.'s service, rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was appointed Judge and Collector at Cahar. Retired in 1839, and lived four years in London. On the retiral of his brother William Nicol, they took up house together in Berkley Street, Cheltenham. Died, 18th November, 1865; buried in the Mausoleum. James Glen-

JAMES GLENCAIRN BURNS.

Digitized by Google

cairn Burns was twice married. Firstly, in 1818, to Sarah Robinson, daughter of Mr James Robinson, of Sunderland ; and secondly, in 1828, to Mary, daughter of Captain Becket of Enfield. His first wife died at Neemuch, East Indies, 7th November, 1821 ; his second at Gravesend, 13th November, 1844. By the former marriage there were born Jean Isabella, who died at sea 5th June, 1823 ; Robert Shaw, died at Neemuch, 11th December, 1821 ; Sarah Burns, who was born in India, November, 1821. Her mother dying at her birth, Sarah was sent home an infant, and was brought up by her grandmother, Bonnie Jean, with whom she lived till the latter's death in 1834. She appears as a child in the portrait of Mrs Burns. She married Dr B. W. Hutchinson, and proceeded to Australia. She returned permanently to this country in 1862, and resided with her father in Cheltenham. Her husband remained in Australia, where he died. Appended is her portrait.

MRS HUTCHINSON.

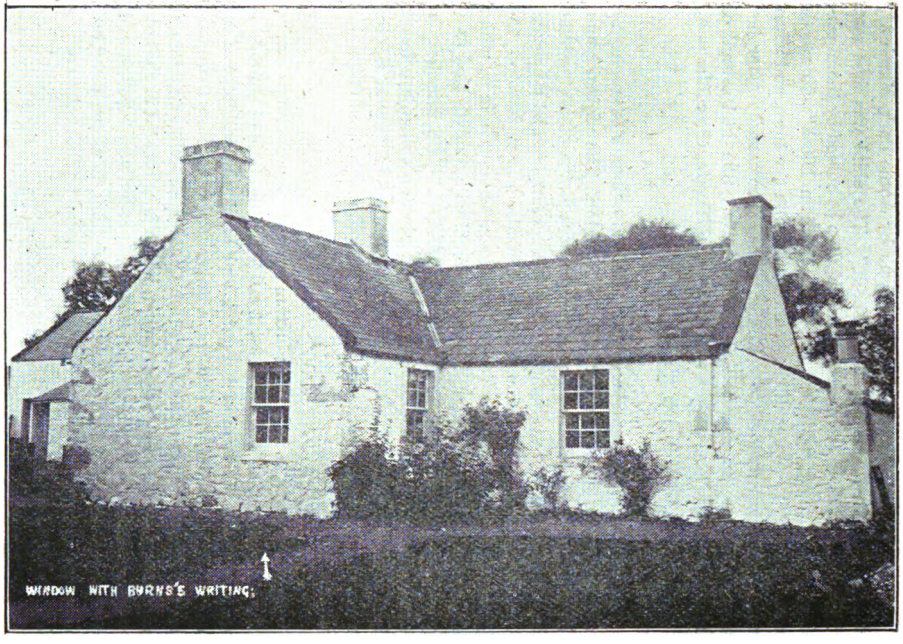
Digitized by Google

Dr and Mrs Hutchinson had issue (1) Annie Vincent Burns Hutchinson, born at Warnambol, Victoria, July 15th, 1854, married Mr James Scott, vinegrower, Brookside, Adelaide ; no family. (2) Robert Burns Hutchinson ; born at Berkley Street, Cheltenham, 1855 ; emigrated to America, 1891 ; at present in a shipping office in Chicago ; married, 1891, Mabel Burnand, and has one daughter, Dorothea, born 1894. (3) Violet Burns Hutchinson, born at Beechworth, Australia, July 10, 1859 ; married Mr George H. Gowring, M.A., of Berkhamstead Grammar School ; no family. (4) Margaret Constance Burns Hutchinson, born at Mossgiel, near Albany, on the Murray River, Australia. She is unmarried, and lives with her mother at Cheltenham. Appended is her portrait.

MISS MARGARET HUTCHINSON.

By his second marriage James Glencairn Burns had issue one daughter, Annie Burns, who is unmarried, and lives with her half-sister, Mrs Hutchinson, at Cheltenham.

Digitized by Google



ELLISLAND, THE POET'S FARM HOME.

Digitized by Google

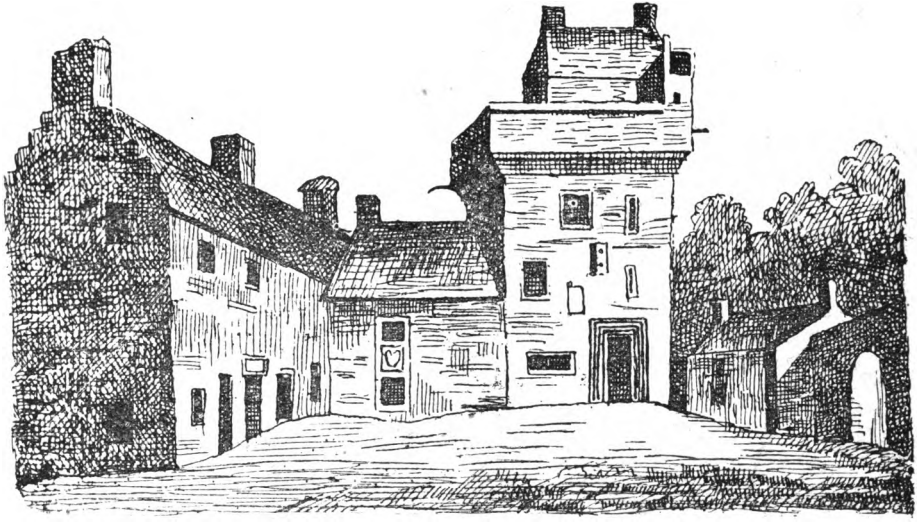
MAXWELL BURNS, the poet's youngest son, named after Dr Maxwell, was born at Dumfries, July 25th, 1796, the day of his father's funeral; died 25th April, 1799, and interred in the Mausoleum.

Robert Burns, the poet, had also issue by Annie Park, March 31, 1791, one daughter, "his second Elizabeth." The child was first sent to Mossgiel, and then brought to Ellisland, "to be nursed by the much-enduring Jean along with her third son, William Nicol." Elizabeth Burns "grew up to be one of the bonniest lasses in the town, and when woman-grown was wedded to a soldier named Thomson." After her husband's death she removed to Pollokshaws. She had several of a family, one of whom was married to David Wingate, the collier poet.

On the preceding page is a view of Ellisland as it now exists, from a photograph taken by Mr Rutherford of Jardington. The original house, built to Burns's own design, was a commodious house of its type and time, consisting of five apartments; but it has since been added to and materially altered. The gable facing the reader shews, however, the original window of what was the poet's parlour. On a pane in it, which is still preserved, he traced with his diamond his favourite line from Pope—"An honest man's the noblest work of God." He inscribed on it also in his own hand the names of his friend John Gillespie, a fellow official in the excise, and Jean Lorimer, the heroine of "Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn," who was at the time the objects of Gillespie's affections.

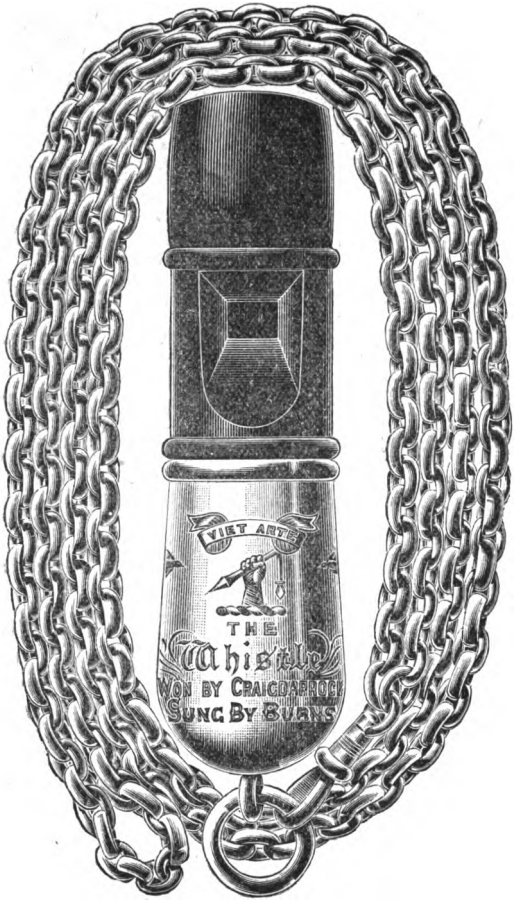
On the next page is a reproduction from a contemporary drawing of the old house of Friars' Carse, as it existed in the time of Burns. It closely adjoined his farm of Ellisland, and being the residence of his friend, Captain Riddell, the poet was a frequent visitor. Here there took place the Bacchanalian contest between Captain Riddell, Fergusson of Craigdarroch, and Laurie of Maxwelton, which is celebrated in the song of "The Whistle." The house has since been re-built and modernised, but the old dining hall, the scene of the revelry, has been preserved. The estate is now the property of the trustees and directors of the Crichton Royal Institution.

Digitized by Google



FRIARS' CARSE.

Digitized by Google



THE "WHISTLE O' WORTH."

Digitized by Google

The Whistle, figured on the preceding page, first came to Scotland from Denmark, the property of a Danish gentleman in the train of the Princess Anne, on her marriage to James the Sixth. He had engaged victoriously over it in Bacchanalian contests at the courts of Russia, Denmark, Sweden, and Poland; and retaining it at several Scottish drinking bouts, he finally lost it to Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton. From Sir Robert it passed successively, after similar contests, into the hands first of Walter Riddell of Glenriddell and next—October, 1789—of Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch. It is, we believe, the only drinking trophy in this country.

The original is preserved at Craigdarroch. A replica, from which the illustration is taken, is in possession of Mr Kennedy, Scottish vocalist.

We (*Standard* of 25th July) have received the following among other original tributes in verse:—

ON BURNS.

DIED 21ST JULY, 1796.

(By Sir William J. R. Cotton, ex-Lord Mayor of London, and now Chamberlain of the City.)

Oh, what a mind had life when Burns was born,
Whose muse to-day how many thousands own—
A shatter'd life by many passions torn,
A glorious life by many beauties shewn.
Oh, if that soul, that glorious soul of rhyme
Now joins with earthly souls its sympathies—
If souls eternal blend with those of time,
If that bright spark within us never dies,
How must that joy to-day that once was Burns'
To know that thousands sing his song that spurns
Mere rank; unless a sterling spirit shine,
Feel, as he once felt, Man's mission is divine;
Even in realms that glow with pure delight
His soul must thrill to feel on earth its might.

Digitized by Google

PHILIP SULLEY, Esq.,

Hon. Secretary of the Centenary Executive.

CONCLUSION.

(From "Standard," July 25.)

NOW that the Dumfries observance of the Centenary of the death of Burns has passed into history, those who are responsible for it—for its inception, its promotion, and its conduct—are entitled to shake hands with themselves, and to congratulate each other upon a success which is universally admitted, from the *Times* newspaper down to the newsboy in the street. Where so many are deserving of credit it would be altogether ungracious to individualise on any plane of possible competition. But there is no competition possible in the case of the men whom we venture to name. The movement had its origin in the Burns Club, with which the trades, friendly societies, and other organisations cordially co-operated. Mr Philip Sulley, the honorary secretary, was fertile in suggestion and resource, profuse in correspondence. To him

Digitized by Google

we owe the idea of inviting memorial wreaths from all parts of the world, and the opinions of literary men and women on the Poet and his works; and several other outstanding features of the comprehensive program. He was, in a word, the chief organiser. It was the rare good fortune of Provost Glover to occupy at this time the civic chair. It was equally fortunate for Dumfries that the chair was so occupied; for no one could have brought to the occasion more enthusiasm, nor infused into the undertaking more energy, nor have better sustained on its official side the dignity of the burgh. At the various meetings of the Executive he exhibited the utmost tact; as Provost of the town he became a channel of communication between it and several distinguished persons, whose interest in the commemoration had been awakened by him or others, and in all the functions of the 21st he acquitted himself most admirably. Sir Robert Reid, as President of the Burns Club, and as member of Parliament for the Burghs, entered into the movement with the greatest cordiality; and played the part of host to the municipal representatives of the district in the most handsome manner, Lady Reid and her sister, Miss Fleming, imparting to the social gatherings a grace which they would otherwise have lacked. Lord Rosebery, one of the two surviving honorary burgesses—Sir Robert being the other—did not need much persuasion to be present at Dumfries on the centenary of the death of the Poet, whose statue he had unveiled fourteen years before. His name had occurred as that of the person who was in every way best qualified to take the principal part in the day's proceedings. His patriotism is fervid. His admiration of Burns is intense. His popular sympathies are wide. And his more than any other living voice was certain to give to the national feeling—for the Dumfries event had become national in its significance—its most eloquent and far-reaching expression. So Lord Rosebery consented to come, the guest of Sir Robert and Lady Reid for the time; and as the central personage of the day, from whom there proceeded one of the most charming and effective contributions ever made to Burns literature, his will certainly remain the outstanding historic figure in association with the Centennial of the Poet's death. * * * * *

"I cannot, perhaps, deny," said Lord Rosebery, in his Glasgow speech, "that to-day has been a labour, but it has been a labour of love. It is, it must be, a source of joy and pride to us to see our champion Scotsman receive the honour and admiration and affection of humanity; to see, as I have seen this morning, the long processions bringing homage and tribute to the conquering dead." When the eyes of all the world are turned upon the town in which the Poet died and

Digitized by Google

his dust is sepulchered, it must also be a source of joy and pride that those concerned in Tuesday's commemoration were animated by a feeling of affectionate hero-worship, a sincere desire that nothing should be done unworthy of the day or of Dumfries. For, as Lord Rosebery said, in words which will be read wherever the English language is spoken, we citizens of Dumfries "are surrounded by the choicest and most sacred haunts of the Poet." Here also is the tomb where he and his are buried. Dumfries is the Mecca of Scotsmen, where the shrine of their prophet is. Lord Rosebery's speech is a forceful reminder of this, impressing our people with a juster sense of their priceless possession, their unparalleled privilege, and emphasising the fact to their countrymen everywhere.

Digitized by Google

APPENDIX.

(From the Dumfries Standard of August 8, 1896.)

FROM the land of frozen meat there has come to the tomb of Burns a frozen memorial wreath of most beautiful flowers. It ought to have reached our shores in time for the ceremony of the 21st; but in consequence of a series of misadventures which our readers are acquainted with its despatch was delayed. Providentially perhaps, for the iceberg in which the wreath is lodged could not have been properly disposed of on that occasion without incurring considerable risk and seriously interrupting the course of events. Arriving later, there was nothing to enter into competition with it; and as the tribute of a Continent, proceeding more especially from the Scottish confraternities there, it deserved a demonstration to itself. Yesterday evening the streets were thronged as the massive block of ice with its floral treasure embedded in it, and dimly disclosed in the translucent depths, was conveyed on a lorry, drawn by a team of decorated horses, and preceded by music and members of local Burns Clubs. It was all too large for admission within the gate of the Mausoleum enclosure; but it was formally received there by Provost Glover, and a full-hearted response was given to an expression of Scottish kinship and Burns enthusiasm so beautiful and so entirely unique. The thousand or more flowers that enter into the composition of the wreath are apparently as fresh as if they had been newly gathered; and much of their aroma is no doubt retained. That will pass when the polar crystal that encloses those exquisite blooms of the tropical Continent shall have melted away. But the subtler aroma of a people's affection, which is also a property of the wreath, is not imprisoned by the ice, and it will not perish when the ice is dissolved and the liberated flowers are faded and dead.

RECEPTION OF THE AUSTRALIAN WREATH.

The arrival of the frozen wreath sent by the Scottish Societies of Australia for presentation at the Mausoleum on the Burns centenary day, but which missed the steamer, excited a large measure of interest in the town, and its transport from the railway station to the Mausoleum last night was performed with the ceremonial due to such a remarkable tribute. It reached Dumfries on Wednesday, and remained at the goods yard of the Glasgow & South-Western Railway Company during the interval. The block of ice in which it was frozen measured four feet long by three-and-a-half feet broad and two feet deep, and

Digitized by Google

weighed twenty-three hundredweights. The wreath, which could be easily and distinctly seen through its icy case, is in the form of a circle with a cross in the centre. The flowers appeared wonderfully fresh after their long ocean journey, the ice having preserved them in the condition in which they were frozen in at the Antipodes. The wreath is composed of Australian native flowers, including 800 white and red carnations, chrysanthemums, roses (the Bride and Niphetos), orchids (Cypripedium, Spiceranium, Barbatum, Insigne, Insigne Maulei); five varieties of heather, paper white Narcissus; camellias, bouvardias (white Priory Beauty and bridal wreath), flannel flowers, ivy, mountain moss, and choice ferns; with the word "Australia" in holly berries.

A large crowd gathered at the railway goods yard at six o'clock, the hour fixed for the procession, and the streets through which the wreath was conveyed were lined with crowds of spectators. The Town Band marched at the head of the procession, and succeeding them came a large representation of the Burns Howff Club, with the two club banners. Several members of the Brig-En' Club were also present. An old gentleman, on horseback, with his plaid and Tam o' Shanter, added to the picturesqueness of the company. The lorry on which the wreath was placed was drawn by five horses gaily decked with rosettes and ribbons. The lorry itself was also elaborately decorated with heather and flags. The block of ice was set on end, and was securely held in position with ropes. The procession passed along St Mary's Place and York Place to Lovers' Walk, and thence by Academy Street, High Street, and St Michael Street to St Michael's Churchyard. Along the principal streets a great concourse of people assembled to see it passing. The lorry was taken along Barnslaps Road to the side entrance, the flight of steps at the St Michael Street gate offering an insurmountable barrier to the reception of its load at that point. The weight and nature of the block rendered the handling of it a matter of difficulty. With the assistance of a strong staff of men it was transferred to a hand-trolly and wheeled round to the front of the Mausoleum; but it was found that it could not without some delay be got through the gateway of the encircling railing, and it was allowed to remain there while the reception ceremonial was proceeded with.

A large crowd had assembled in the churchyard. Provost Glover, wearing his chain of office, took up his position in front of the steps leading to the Mausoleum; and among those who accompanied him were Bailie Farries, Bailie Dinwiddie, Dean Hiddleston; Mr P. Sulley, hon. secretary of the Centenary Executive; Mr H. S. Gordon, secretary of the Dumfries Burns Club; Captain Geddes, secretary of the procession committee; Mr John Clerk, convener of the Mausoleum committee; Mr M'Gill, banker; Mr James Smith, hon. treasurer of the Centenary Executive; Councillor Lennox, Councillor Newbigging; Mr John Grierson, Town Clerk; Mr T. Watson, editor of the *Standard*; Mr A. Lawson, hon. president of the Burns Howff Burns Club; Bailie Hanlon, hon. president of the Brig-En' Burns Club; Mr W. Duncan, collector of Inland Revenue; Mr Stewart, brewer; Mr Walter W. Nicholson, the representative from the Caledonian Club of Washington, Columbia District, &c.

Digitized by Google

Mr Sulley said : Provost and members of the Executive Council,—As you are aware, I wrote on behalf of the Executive Council to all the Burns Clubs and Scottish Societies, and also to the leading newspapers of America, Australia, and New Zealand, to say that we hoped they would not allow distance to be any hindrance to them if they wished to be represented here on the 21st July and assist us in doing honour to the memory of our great national poet. In Australia this was at once taken up by Mr John Drummond, secretary of the South Australian Caledonian Society, Adelaide, who put himself in communication with the other colonies. In Sydney it was taken up by Mr H. C. L. Anderson, who has been the prime mover in connection with this wreath, and who was also the honorary secretary of the New South Wales Burns centenary celebration—a celebration which seems to have been nearly as great as our own. (Cheers.) In Victoria the movement was taken up by Mr D. W. R. Armstrong, secretary of Melbourne Caledonian Society ; and it was also heartily entered into at Brisbane and Perth, the other Australian centres. The Victorian Societies joining in the movement were those of Melbourne, Maryborough, Geelong, Tungamah, Alexandra, Mansfield, Oakleigh, Ballan, Rupanyup, Yea, Bacchus Marsh, Seymour, Aultrim. The general committee for New South Wales was representative of the Highland Society of New South Wales, the Burns Club of New South Wales, the Thistle Club of Sydney, the Burns Anniversary Club of Sydney, and twenty kindred societies scattered throughout the colony in the leading towns, including Bathurst, Gouldburn, Grafton, Glen Innes, Newcastle, Tenterfield, Bourke, &c. Scottish societies of towns in the other provinces, of which I have not got a list, also joined. A commission was given to Miss B. Goodenough, of King Street, Sydney, to make the finest wreath possible of native Australian flowers ; it was gratuitously executed, and the result is before us in this magnificent wreath. (Cheers.) It is composed of upwards of eight hundred white and red carnations, chrysanthemums, roses, five varieties of heather, narcissus, camelias, bouvardias, orchids, ivy, mountain moss, and choice ferns. The block of ice in which it is encased was gratuitously frozen by the Metropolitan Ice Company, of Sydney. By an unfortunate accident it missed the steamer by a few hours, although it was sent across the continent by special train. This was unfortunate for the Australians, but I venture to think fortunate for us, because if this wreath had arrived on the 21st of July it would have had to stay where it was for a day or two, and we have been able to do better for the Australians as it is. (Cheers.) The gentlemen who had charge of this wreath were the Hon. A. Kethel, the Hon. Dr H. N. M'Laurin, and Mr H. C. L. Anderson ; but the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* says—" It goes to Scotland as a tribute from the whole Scottish societies of Australia." (Cheers.) And it is on their behalf, Mr Provost, that I have to ask you, as chairman of our Executive Council and the representative of the Burns centenary, to accept it in the name of Australia. (Cheers.) As to the spirit in which it is sent, I think a word or two from a very fine letter received from Mr Anderson may not be amiss. He says : " There will be at least twenty suppers, concerts, reunions, or lectures in memory of Burns, so that there will be thousands of hearts turned towards Dum-

Digitized by Google

fries, throbbing in unison, with your own, testifying to the world-wide admiration of our poet's genius, and verifying his own noble aspiration—

Man to man the warld o'er
Shall brithers be, and a' that.

(Cheers.) There is the keenest interest in this national sentiment throughout our people of Scottish blood and descent. Many of us who have never trod on Scottish heather can admire and appreciate the poet's genius as fully as their fathers. Our English, Irish, Welsh, and Australian cousins are joining heartily with us, so that we shall have no narrow, one-sided celebration." (Cheers.) That, Mr Provost, is the spirit in which this great tribute from Australia comes to us; and I have much pleasure and pride in being the medium of conveying it to you along with this ribbon. (Loud cheers.)—The ribbon referred to, which accompanied the wreath, is a broad one of pale blue, bearing the Australian coat of arms, the Scotch thistle, and the motto—"Man to man the world o'er shall brithers be."

Provost Glover said: Mr Sulley, ladies, and gentlemen,—I could have wished that this wreath had arrived in time to be here at our great national celebration on the 21st, and to have been presented at the tomb of Burns to that noble Scotsman, the Earl of Rosebery. (Cheers.) But, on behalf of the executive, and on behalf of the community of Dumfries, I am pleased to be here to-night to receive this magnificent tribute to our national poet, and as a love-token from our kith and kin beyond the sea—(cheers)—in whom, it is apparent, sentiment still centres strongly round their native land, and whose bosoms beat most warmly in regard to everything affecting Scotland and the Scotch. (Cheers.) You will not expect from me a speech on such an occasion as this; but I think the least we can be expected to do is to ask Mr Sulley to convey our fraternal greetings to those who have so kindly remembered this national celebration, and to assure them that we deeply appreciate the sentiment which sent this unique offering to our shore. (Cheers.) I have now formally to accept this wreath on behalf of the executive, and on behalf of the community of Dumfries, and I hope fraternal greetings most enthusiastically expressed will be sent to our compatriots in Australia. (Loud cheers.)

Mr H. S. Gordon next came forward with a beautiful wreath from the Clan Macdonald, Brooklyn, New York. He stated that it had arrived too late for presentation on the 21st, and that Mr Walter Scott of Brooklyn was in Dumfries representing the clan.

Provost Glover said he had much pleasure in accepting the wreath, which he proceeded to place within the Mausoleum.

Mr Houston of Marchfield asked them to accord their very hearty thanks to Provost Glover for his presence and the part he had borne in the evening's ceremonial. (Cheers.)

Provost Glover expressed his thanks in a sentence, and the crowd then gradually dispersed, leaving the workmen to get the miniature iceberg within the rails, where it was set up in front of the Mausoleum. A cedar pedestal was sent along with the wreath. It bears the inscription, in gilt letters: "In Memoriam Robert Burns, died July 21, 1796. A tribute from the Scottish Societies of Australia."

Digitized by Google

JOHN W. SUTHERLAND,

Pharmaceutical & Dispensing Chemist,

68 High Street, Dumfries,

And 8 CASTLE STREET.

Established 1859. *Telephone No. 82.*

J. W. SUTHERLAND devotes special attention to the dispensing of Prescriptions, which is the most important part of his business, and the greatest care and attention are paid to the faithful discharge of the duties attached to it, no effort being spared to fully carry out the intention of the Physician.

The Pharmacies are fitted with every modern appliance and delicate apparatus for ensuring accuracy and despatch; and a competent staff of Qualified and Experienced Assistants is always kept.

Prescriptions entrusted to him receive immediate attention, and are accurately prepared with Drugs and Chemicals of the very finest and best quality that have been previously tested to ensure their purity and pharmacopœia strength.

PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT.

Dry Plates, Printing Papers, Mounts, Chemicals and Developing Solutions, Camera Outfits, Lenses and Tripods, Dark Room.

Our BOOTS, SHOES, and SLIPPERS are the closest approach to HAND-MADE GOODS in STRENGTH, DURABILITY, and STYLE, at little more than HALF-PRICE.

JOHN GRAY & Co.,

Tanners, Curriers, Boot & Shoe Manufacturers,

70 AND 72 FRIARS' VENNEL,

12 AND 14 SOUTH QUEENSBERRY STREET,

DUMFRIES.

Repairs done at Short Notice with best Material and Workmanship, at Lowest Possible Prices.

ESTABLISHED 1838.

Digitized by Google

ROYAL
RESTAURANT & BUFFET,

(Opposite the Burns' Statue),

8 CHURCH PLACE, DUMFRIES.

Best Place to Dine when in Dumfries.

Convenient and Comfortable.

DEJEUNERS, DINNERS, & BALL SUPPERS

Served under Personal Supervision.

Silver, Cutlery, China, Glass, and every Requisite for the Table Furnished.

FINEST WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY CAKES

MADE TO ORDER.

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY SCOTCH SHORTBREAD.

IN TINS, 2s, 3s, 4s, 5s, and 6s.

R. OUGHTON,

PROPRIETOR.

Digitized by Google

Established Nearly a Century.

Charles Seiffert

(Successor to Robt. M'Adam),

GOLDSMITH, JEWELLER,

AND

Dealer in Precious Stones, High-Class Watches,

AND

Artistic London-Made Jewellery.

The Largest and Most Select Stock of Silver Presentation Plate, Clocks, Bronzes, &c., &c., in the County.

8 and 9 Midsteeple Buildings

(Workshops—109 HIGH STREET),

DUMFRIES.

Digitized by Google

Telegraphic Address: "Allan's Pharmacy, Dumfries."

WM. ALLAN,

PHARMACEUTICAL and DISPENSING CHEMIST,

(Late of Messrs CARRUTHERS & ALLAN),

"THE PHARMACY," 127 HIGH STREET,

DUMFRIES.

The Pharmacy occupies a central and most advantageous position, and has been fitted up with a **Special Perfection and Equipment** *in the* **Dispensing Department.** *In order to ensure accuracy and dispatch, it has been entirely separated from the other Departments, and is conducted under the personal supervision of the Principal.*

Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes are regularly copied into a Prescription Book, from which the Medicines may be dispensed at any future time.

SPECIALITIES.

HIGH-CLASS PERFUMES.

Persons wishing a nice Souvenir of the Centenary should procure a Bottle of this exquisite and fragrant Perfume, in beautifully Stoppered Bottle.

Bottles, 2s each, or in ¼ doz. Cases,

5s 6d each.

Postage, 3d extra.

Acknowledgment from LORD ROSEBERY.

"22nd July, 1896.
38 Berkeley Square, W.

Lord Rosebery is greatly obliged to Mr Allan for the Case of 'Robert Burns Bouquet,' which Mr Allan has been so kind as to send to him."

ALLAN'S PATENT STOMACH and LIVER PILLS.

Ever since their introduction THESE PILLS have secured and risen in the estimation of the Public, and their value is continually attested by numerous testimonials and the ENORMOUSLY INCREASING DEMAND for them.

Best and Safest Remedy for all Disorders of the Stomach and Liver, etc. Thousands of boxes sold annually. In boxes, 7½d, 1s 1½d, and 2s 9d, Post Free.

Note the Address—127 HIGH STREET.

Digitized by Google

DAVID SHARP,

Tailoring and Outfitting House,

117 HIGH STREET.

READY-MADES.
Best Class Suits for Boys and Youths.
Waterproof Coats, &c.

ORDER DEPARTMENT.
High-Class Clothing at Moderate Prices.
Gent.'s Outfits.

Our New Workshops, recently opened, enable us to do a much larger trade. The Garments are made up under the best Sanitary conditions.

ROBERT BUCHAN,

Crown Confectionery Works,

DUMFRIES.

Maker of High-Class Confectionery

AND

Home Garden Fruit Preserves.

Digitized by Google

TO VISITORS.

VISITORS to DUMFRIES, Scotia's Fair Southern Queen, wishing a Souvenir of their visit, should see our PRESENTS from DUMFRIES, VIEWS of **BURNS' STATUE, BURNS' GRAVE, BURNS' HOUSE, and NASYMTH PORTRAIT of BURNS**, and all the most Beautiful VIEWS of DUMFRIES and DISTRICT, from **6d** upwards.

Also, all kinds of FANCY and USEFUL ARTICLES and ORNAMENTS SUITABLE for PRESENTS, in LEATHER, WOOD, GLASS, &c., &c.

The Best and Cheapest Place in Dumfries to obtain above is

R. & T. CONNOR'S,

29 HIGH STREET,

South end of High Street, nearly opposite Globe Hotel (Burns Howff), on the way to the Dock Park, Burns' Mausoleum, Observatory, Museum, Carlaverock Castle, &c., &c.

QUEENSBERRY ARMS HOTEL,

DUMFRIES.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

Tourists, Families, and Commercial Gentlemen can rely on comfortable accommodation at the above First-class Hotel.

PRIVATE PARLOURS. LARGE AIRY BEDROOMS.
TABLE D'HOTE DAILY. 'BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS.
SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS ARE ENTIRELY NEW THROUGHOUT.

The Hotel is fitted with HOT and COLD BATHS.

Being situated near centre of Town, is most suitable for Excursion Parties, and those intending visiting Dumfries.

DAVID HAMILTON, *Proprietor.*

Digitized by Google

ADVERTISEMENT.

Photography.

"HIGH CHIEF OF SCOTTISH SONG."

The above quotation forms the appropriate Background for

20 PORTRAIT VIEWS

— OF THE —

BURNS CENTENARY PROCESSION,

With Burns Statue in High Street, Dumfries. They are 12 by 10 inch Pictures, trimmed, and include :—

The Earl of Rosebery and Distinguished Party in Carriages.
Dumfries and Maxwelltown Town Councillors in Carriages.
Sir James Crichton Browne and Phillip Sulley, Esq., in Carriages.
Superintendent Malcolm and Police.

Banners.
Volunteers ("Now's the day and now's the hour").
Burns Howff.
Painters and Banners.
Solway Boat Scene.
Moffat 'Bus and Deputation.
Brig En' Burns Club.
Burns Clubs.
Burns Mausoleum with Wreaths.
American Flags and Colonial Delegates.
Burns Clubs, about six names not known.

The Price for each 12 by 10 trimmed copy is 3s, mounted on large board, 20 by 16 inches, Postage 6d extra; or 50s the Full Set of 20; or in Book Form, 15 by 12 inches, bound, 60s. Included in this is a 12 by 10 picture, trimmed, of the Impressive Ceremony of the

EARL OF ROSEBERY RECEIVING WREATHS

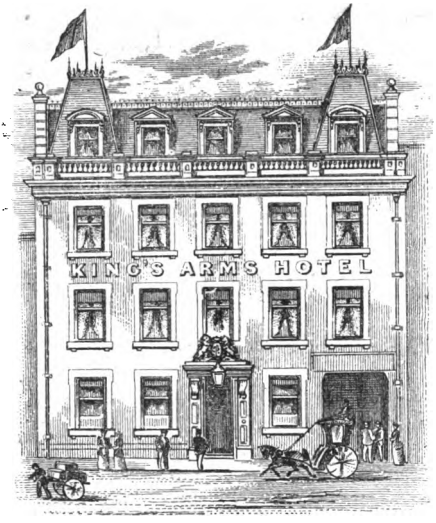
At the Burns Mausoleum in St. Michael's Churchyard. This Picture Mr MORYSON intends to make Copyright, and to have Enlarged to about 24 by 18 inches, in PERMANENT Pigment, as a great and Permanent Memento of the great occasion. Price, £1 1s. As there will only be a limited number of these pictures issued, Mr M. would like an early order for Copies.

ADDRESS—

Moryson's Station Studio,

DUMFRIES.

Digitized by Google



This Old-Established Hotel has been Newly Renovated and Latest Sanitary Improvements introduced, and is now replete with every Comfort and Convenience.

PRIVATE GOLF COURSE.

EXCELLENT CUISINE.

WINES and CIGARS of the Finest Vintage and Brands.

OMNIBUS MEETS ALL TRAINS.

WM. B. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

Digitized by Google

TO LADIES.

VERY SPECIAL, AND PLEASE NOTE,

THE BEST PLACE IN DUMFRIES FOR

BABY LINEN AND LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING

IS CERTAINLY

W. KENYON'S,

130 HIGH STREET,

Under the Personal Superintendence of Mrs and Miss KENYON.

Where should I go for Reliable, Sound, and Up-to-date Value in

GENERAL AND FANCY DRAPERY?

TO THE

Dumfries and Galloway Drapery Establishment,

W. KENYON'S,

110 (TOP OF) FRIARS' VENNEL, DUMFRIES.

Digitized by Google

FURNITURE in all the Newest and Fashionable Designs.

CARPETS, selected from the leading Manufacturers, and comprising the New Chlidema Brussels Carpets in every Size, which have the advantage of the Border being woven on, thus combining Neatness and Durability.

Also, a well-selected Stock of Tapestries, Cretonnes, Tapestry Curtains, Table Covers, Linoleums.

Samples sent out on application, and all Measurements taken Free of Charge.

Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Bedding of Every Description.

VENETIAN and other BLINDS supplied. Also Renewed and Re-Taped.

Furniture Removing carefully conducted by Experienced Men. Jobbing punctually attended to in Town and Country.

Dining and Drawing Room Suites, and Single Pieces of Furniture, Recovered. Hair and Wool Mattresses Re-Made. Feather Beds, &c., Cleaned and Purified on the shortest notice.

UNDERTAKING Carried out efficiently, and with Care and Economy.

NOTE THE ADDRESS—

W. K. MUIR, ENGLISH STREET.

Digitized by Google

Bookbinding and Stationery.

James Adams,

BOOKBINDER,

Account Book Manufacturer, and Stationer,

HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES.

Account Books, Memorandum Books, Exercise Books, Ledgers, and every kind of Book for Office use.

Crests, Monograms, Addresses, &c., Stamped on Paper and Envelopes of all kinds, in brilliant Fixed Colours.

ESTIMATES AND SAMPLES FURNISHED.

Bookbinding by Experienced Workmen, with every Modern Improvement.

Special Prices given to Country Libraries.

Famous Paintings, Gems of Art, Stoddart's Portfolios of Photographs, Bound in Strong Cheap Bindings, from 2s 6d up. Try our 6d, 9d, and 1s Shop Book, by far the Cheapest in the Market.

Orders for Special Rulings and Bindings executed with the utmost care and promptitude.

Digitized by Google

NOT HOW CHEAP; BUT HOW GOOD.

It has been well said that "*There is nothing like leather when well put together*," and

JOHN RAE,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

84 HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES,

Endeavours to have all his Goods Well Made, and Guarantees them to give Reasonable Service if Properly Treated, or in other words—Fair Wear or a Free Pair.

All wishing to procure GOOD RELIABLE LEATHER BOOTS and SHOES should purchase **The Celebrated "K" Make** of Boots and Shoes, without doubt the Finest Goods in the Trade, for which J. RAE is Sole Agent, and of which he keeps a Large Stock, in all sizes, to suit Broad, Medium, and Narrow Feet.

BOOTS AND SHOES MADE TO MEASURE.

A Good Fit Guaranteed, at Moderate Charges.

In the REPAIRING DEPARTMENT nothing but GOOD LEATHER is used, and Special Efforts are made to give Customers from a distance their REPAIRS HOME WITH THEM THE SAME DAY.

JOHN RAE,

THE COUNTY BOOT STORES,

84 HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES.

Digitized by Google

Paterson, Sons, & Co.

Have the Finest GRAND and COTTAGE PIANOFORTES of STEINWAY, BECHSTEIN, KIRKMAN, COLLARD, BROADWOOD, ERARD, and other Famous English and Foreign Makers, always in Stock, for Sale, or Hire, and on the Three Years' System.

Catalogues on application. Inspection invited. Liberal Discounts for Cash.

TUNING, REGULATING, AND REPAIRING.

PIANOFORTES FOR HIRE.

Visitors to the Coast, Highlands, South and Western Districts of Scotland, can very conveniently be supplied with PIANOFORTES, &c., on Hire at the Minimum of Expense from the Establishments of

PATERSON, SONS, & CO.,

18 ENGLISH STREET, DUMFRIES;

GLASGOW, AYR, PAISLEY, KILMARNOCK.

JOHN HYSLOP,

FAMILY GROCER,

TEA, WINE, AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,

110 & 112 HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES.

All Orders punctually and personally attended to.

Prices on Application.

Digitized by Google

GENT.'S

OUTFITTING

ESTABLISHMENT.

T. H. BURNET,

142 HIGH STREET,

DUMFRIES.

JOHN GIBSON & SON,

HOUSE FURNISHERS,

IN returning thanks to their Customers and the General Public for the liberal support accorded to the old Firm and extended to the new, would beg to remind Parties Furnishing that they have now a very Large Stock of FURNITURE, all of the Latest Designs and Best Workmanship.

Carpets, Linoleums, Rugs, Curtains, &c.

REMOVALS by ROAD or RAIL, in COVERED VANS, at Moderate Charges.

JOHN GIBSON & SON,

House Furnishers,

3 & 5 ST. ANDREW STREET, DUMFRIES.

Digitized by Google

BRYSON'S

Famou Blend

OF

Unequalled for Age

AND

Mellowness.

RED GAUNTLET WHISKY.

SPECIALLY

BLENDED

HIGHLAND

Malt Whisky

(Guaranteed 7 Years Old),

At 20s per Gallon, in 3-Gallon ars and upwards.

Carriage Paid to any Station in Great Britain.

Jars charged 1s per Gallon extra, allowed for when returned.

PER CASE OF 12 BOTTLES, 40s. Bottles and Cases included.

Carriage Paid to any Station in Britain.

ALEXANDER BRYSON,

Wholesale Spirit Merchant,

DUMFRIES, N.B.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

SPECIAL QUOTATIONS TO THE TRADE.

Digitized by Google

Hannavy's Stationery and Musical Repository,

78 HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES,

Is the Popular Place for all kinds of Stationery and Musical Requisites.

Strings and Fittings for all kinds of Instruments kept in Stock. Specially Tested Violin Strings, unsurpassed for Purity of Tone.

Stationery of Every Description.

Photos of Burns Mausoleum on Centenary, with Wreaths, &c.

GO TO

JAMES REID,

CHEMIST (BY EXAMINATION),

104 HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES,

For Absolutely Pure Drugs and Accurate Dispensing, at Reasonable Prices. You will also find a Large and Varied Assortment of Surgical Appliances and Druggists' Sundries of all kinds to choose from.

Photographic Goods a Speciality.

OLD GEORGE HOTEL,

25 HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES.

WINES AND SPIRITS OF THE BEST QUALITY ONLY.

POSTING IN ALL ITS DEPARTMENTS.

Orders receive prompt attention.

JOSEPH MAXWELL, Proprietor.

ROBERT M'WILLIAM,

TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,

46 FRIARS' VENNEL, DUMFRIES.

A Large Stock of TWEED, SERGES, OVERCOATINGS, &c., always on hand.

Gent.'s Own Cloth carefully made up, at Moderate Charges.

Digitized by Google

Dumfries & Galloway Standard,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

Dumfries Standard is the Leading Newspaper in the South of Scotland.

Dumfries Standard is the most Extensively Circulated Newspaper in the District.

Dumfries Standard is noted for the Fulness and Freshness of its News.

Dumfries Standard is distinguished for the Completeness and Accuracy of its Reports.

Dumfries Standard is read by all Classes of the Community—Rich and Poor.

Dumfries Standard as a medium for giving great publicity to Advertisements is unrivalled in the South of Scotland.

111 HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES.

Digitized by Google

ANTIQUE AND MODERN FURNITURE.

Specimens in Chippendale, Sheraton, and other Designs.

CARPETS AND RUGS, ALL MAKES.

SPECIAL LINE IN MIRZAPORE CARPETS AND RUGS.

PETER STOBIE

(Late GREGAN),

Manufacturing Cabinetmaker and Upholsterer,

Removal and Storage Contractor—Estimates Free,

39 and 41 High Street, Dumfries.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Established 1798. **Telephone 26.**

West-End Hairdressing Saloon,

13 Buccleuch Street, Dumfries.

Proprietor - - Henry Brown.

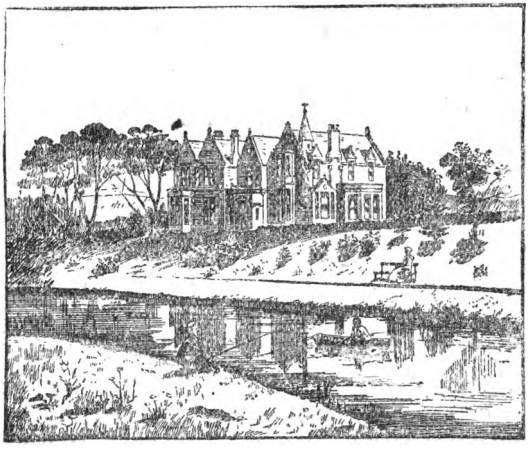
Ladies' Plaits, Curls, Fringes, &c., always in Stock, for every day wear.

Ladies' own Hair made up or altered.

Digitized by Google

Woodbank Hydropathic & Private Hotel,

Where Sir R. T. REID entertained LORD ROSEBERY during Burns's Centenary Week.



STANDING in its own grounds, which comprise extensive Lawns and a range of Conservatories, affords the full advantages of rural retirement. It is within three minutes' walk of the Railway Station. The Public Rooms are of magnificent proportions and very elegantly decorated; and there are several convenient suites of handsome private apartments.

Full information as to accommodation and terms may be obtained by application to the Proprietor,

COUNCILLOR PALMER,

PALMER'S HOTEL,

DUMFRIES.

Telegraphic Address—Palmer's Hotel, Dumfries.
Telephone Number—39.

Dumfries is One Hour and Fifty Minutes from Glasgow (Glasgow and South-Western line). Direct connection with Edinburgh (by Caledonian line); with London and other English towns by express service on the Midland, London and North-Western, and connecting lines; and with the north of Ireland, *via* Stranraer and the Short Sea Route.

Digitized by Google

ROBERT BURNS
AND
DUMFRIES

1796 1896

COMPILED BY

PHILIP SULLEY

Fellow of the Royal Historical Society
Hon. Secretary of the Dumfries Centenary Celebration, 1896

NOW READY. ***PRICE 2s NET.***

Adam Haining's "GRIP" Model Razors

Are known and in use all over the World.

Warranted British Made. Every Blade Perfect.

See what the Press says:—

THE "GRIP" RAZOR.—Adam Haining, Hairdresser, Dumfries, has shown us a Razor that he has designed, introduced, and successfully used. Its chief peculiarity is the shortness of the blade, which presents just the required length of shaving edge, and enables the operator to handle it with more ease and efficiency. Is is beautifully made, and bears the designer's name.

See what the people say:—

Gresham Hotel, Brisbane, Queensland, 9th June, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—It may interest you to know that the two "Grip" Razors I bought from you a couple of years ago, and which I have used regularly since, shave as well to-day as the day I bought them, and they have neither of them required to be "set."—Yours faithfully, WALTER BENTLEY.

24 BANK STREET, DUMFRIES, SCOTLAND, N.B.

One Extra Hollow Ground Razor and one Strop forwarded to any address, at Home or Abroad, for Six Shillings; Razor alone, Four Shillings.

Digitized by Google

TRANSFER OF THE

High-Class Boot & Shoe Business

OF THE LATE BAILIE SCOTT,

AT 34 ENGLISH STREET, DUMFRIES.

MR W. CHALMERS

Has pleasure in announcing that, having purchased the above business, he intends to carry it on in all its branches. The chief feature of this business is the Large and Valuable Stock of really HIGH-CLASS GOODS, embracing all the Leading Novelties in the Boot and Shoe Trade, where ladies and gentlemen have the choice of goods which are rarely kept in stock even in our large cities.

Ladies and Gentlemen in want of really High-Class Goods at Moderate Prices should call and inspect my Stock, where they will have a selection which for quality and extent cannot be excelled.

As the CUSTOMER DEPARTMENT will be carried on with the same efficient staff of workmen formerly employed, and under my own personal supervision, I have every confidence in soliciting a continuance of support in this Department.

ALL CLASS OF REPAIRS WILL BE PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

THOMAS MARSHALL,

Coach and Cab Proprietor, Livery Stables,

63 ENGLISH STREET, DUMFRIES.

MR MARSHALL thanks his many Friends in Town and Country for the liberal patronage bestowed on him since commencing business as above, and would take this opportunity of stating that his STUD of HORSES and CARRIAGES is now Complete, and embraces from the FOUR-IN-HAND COACH to the simple PONY TRAP.

Posting in all its Branches.

HORSES (thoroughly seasoned) and CARRIAGES on JOB by Week, Month, or Year.

Large Pleasure Coaches for Picnic Parties, &c.

Glass-sided, Plain, or Figured Hearses and Mourning Coaches supplied in Town and Country.

ALL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT AND PERSONAL ATTENTION.

EVERY SATISFACTION ASSURED, AND CHARGES STRICTLY MODERATE.

Telephone—No. 40. Telegrams—MARSHALL, Jobmaster, Dumfries.

Digitized by Google

ALEXANDER TURNER,

Pharmaceutical Chemist,

BUCCLEUCH STREET (Next Door to Post Office),

DUMFRIES.

Physicians' Prescriptions prepared with Pure Drugs and Chemicals only.

DEALER IN PHOTOGRAPHIC GOODS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Photographic Solutions, prepared from Customers' own Formula, at Moderate Prices. Free Instruction to all Purchasers of Apparatus. Dark Room on premises.

For Pic-Nics, Pleasure Parties, Excursions, Balls, &c.,

TURNER'S AERATED WATERS

ARE THE BEST.

Ginger Ale, Ginger Beer, Pampa Cocktail, Hot Tom, Soda, Potash, Lemonade, Lemon Squash, &c.

These Waters are well known to the Public for their Purity and General Excellence, being prepared from Special Recipes with the very Finest Ingredients only. They cannot be excelled.

PREPARED BY

ALEXANDER TURNER,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,

BUCCLEUCH STREET, DUMFRIES.

Digitized by Google

Millar & Dalziel,

40 BUCCLEUCH STREET,

DUMFRIES.

TAILORS AND CLOTHIERS.

LADIES' COSTUMES,
CLERICAL GARMENTS,
AND LIVERIES

— SPECIALLY ATTENDED TO. —

ALL ORDERS CARRIAGE PAID. 5 PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

NEW GEORGE HOTEL

AND

POSTING ESTABLISHMENT.

GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR TRAVELLERS.

HORSES AND MACHINES OF ALL KINDS ON HIRE. CHARGES MODERATE.

HEARSES AND MOURNING COACHES.

HORSES FOR SALE, HIRE, OR EXCHANGE.

Telephone No., 88. Telegraphic Address, "NODWELL," DUMFRIES.

JAMES NODWELL, Proprietor.

17 HIGH STREET and 18 IRISH STREET, DUMFRIES.

Digitized by Google

JAMES WHITE,

PHOTOGRAPHER.

ENGLISH STREET, DUMFRIES.

CENTENARY PHOTOGRAPHS.

Splendid Photo of Mausoleum, shewing display of Wreaths, 2/ each.

Fleshers, with Emblems, 2/ each.

Beautiful Enlarged Photos of Lord Rosebery receiving Wreaths at Mausoleum; Size (Mounted), 23 × 19; Price, 10/6 each.

ORDER EARLY.

WILLIAM IRVING,

JOB AND POST MASTER,

DUMFRIES, N B.

Landaus, Broughams, Victorias Drags, Dogcarts, Gigs, Phaetons, Waggonettes for 6 and 8 Passengers, Brakes for 12 and 16 Passengers, Coaches for 20 and 30 Passengers, and any other class of Conveyances, with Careful, Steady Drivers acquainted with all the places of interest in the District.

W. I. IS LESSEE OF DUMFRIES STATION FOR CABS AND CARRIAGES.

For the convenience of Tourists and others visiting Dumfries, Orders can be given (by Telegram, Free of Charge to Passengers) for any description of Vehicle at the principal Stations on application to the Stationmaster or to the Guard of the Train, and the Vehicles so ordered will be at Dumfries Station on arrival.

KING'S ARMS POSTING ESTABLISHMENT

AND

LIVERY STABLES,

64 High Street, DUMFRIES.

Telegrams—IRVING, JOBMASTER.

Telephone—Yard, No. 17; Station Cab Office, No. 34.

Digitized by Google

JOHN KIRK,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TOBACCONIST,

NEWS-AGENT, STATIONER, AND FANCY GOODS DEALER,

Has always on hand a Choice Selection of TOBACCOS, CIGARS, CIGARETTES, PIPES, POUCHES, PURSES, KNIVES, SCISSORS, BRUSHES, COMBS, RUG STRAPS, &c., &c.

The Largest and Finest Selection of WALKING STICKS in the South of Scotland, at prices ranging from 6d to 10s 6d.

Special attention given to the CIGAR TRADE. BRITISH and MANILLA CIGARS, CHEROOTS, MEXICAN and HAVANNA (Bock & Co.) CIGARS, all the Finest Quality.

Special Terms for Quantities.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Newspapers and Magazines Punctually Delivered to Order.

☞ **Sole Wholesale Agent for BELL & Co's. LONDON WAX VESTAS.**

Note the Address—

J. KIRK,

45 GALLOWAY STREET,

MAXWELLTOWN.

Digitized by Google

HUTTON'S

CHINA AND GLASS SHOW-ROOMS,

67 HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES.

LARGEST AND MOST VARIED STOCK IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.
Worcester China, Minton's, Doulton's, and Royal Crown Derby.
Glass and Ornamental Goods, selected from the best English and Continental Makers.
Sole Agent in South of Scotland for the Famous LUXENBURG FIRE-PROOF WARE, unequalled for all Cooking purposes.
Every Class of Ordinary Earthenware Wholesale and Retail.

JOHN H. NICHOLSON,

Dispensing Chemist,

GLASGOW STREET, MAXWELLTOWN.

Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes prepared with the utmost accuracy.

House—AIRLIE, Terregles Street.

P. BURNS'

FAMED BOTANIC BEER.

SARSAPARILLA	BEER.	MINT	BEER.
DANDELION	,,	HOP BITTER	,,
BITTER	,,	GINGER	,,

BURNS LEADS THE WAY IN MINERAL WATERS.

LEMONADE.	LEMON SQUASH.
GINGER ALE.	SODA WATER.
HOT TOM.	POTASH.

All One Penny per Bottle.

DOCKHEAD, DUMFRIES.

Digitized by Google

EVERY DESCRIPTION

OF

Letterpress Printing

EXECUTED WITH

NEATNESS AND DESPATCH,

AND AT

VERY MODERATE PRICES,

AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Dumfries & Galloway Standard,

111 and 113 HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES.

Books, Tracts, Pamphlets, Catalogues for Shows, &c.
Rules of Societies, Reports of Institutions, Testimonials,
Balance Sheets, Merchants' Trade Lists,
Business Circulars, Receipt Forms, Cheque Books,
Billheads, Memorandums, Letter Headings, Calling Cards,
Gummed Labels, Concert and Ball Programmes and Tickets,
Invitation Cards, &c.

FUNERAL LETTERS, FUNERAL CARDS, AND INTIMATIONS,

Carefully Printed, Addressed, and Posted if required.

Memorial Cards in a great variety of styles.

— ***Posters, Window Bills, and Hand Bills,*** —

IN BLACK AND COLOURED INKS.

☞ *Special Quotations for Large Quantities.*

Digitized by Google

DUNSCORE KING'S ARMS HOTEL.

PROPRIETOR—H. TORRENCE.

Tourists, &c., driving from Dumfries pass

Burns's Farm, Ellisland; Friars' Carse, the Scene and Birthplace of many of Burns's best poems; Jeanie Deans' Grave; and some of the ground where Scotland's religious freedom was fought for and won.

Maxwelton Braes, and they are still as bonny as when the Heroine lived; the Grave of Lagg; and innumerable other interesting and historical places, without doubt the finest drive in the South of Scotland; and, at Dunscore, a Scottish welcome from the Proprietor of the Hotel,

H. TORRENCE.

Everything in First-class Style at most Moderate Charges.

Fishing, Shooting, &c., in the immediate Vicinity.

Digitized by Google

ALEXANDER PRINGLE

(Successor to W. P. HENDERSON)

Respectfully invites Inspection of his Stock of Goods.

SPECIALITIES:

The "**Burmah**" **Hosiery**, has been specially made for this firm for over Seven Years, and Customers who have worn it recommend it as Durable, Soft, Unshrinkable. It is all Best Wool and Scottish Made. Hosiery also by the Best Dumfries Makers.

Travelling Rugs made in Dumfries—The "Nithsdale," "Ellisland," "Centenary." Clan Tartan Rugs, Squares, Neck Wear—any Clan procured.

CORSETS and LADIES' UNDERWEAR specially catered for.

LADIES' FITTING-ON ROOM.

Hatter, Hosier, Glover, Ladies', Gentlemen's, Child's, and Infants' Outfitter,

2 TO 6 CHURCH CRESCENT, DUMFRIES.

A Large Variety of Goods suited for PRESENTS or as SOUVENIRS of a Visit to "Land of Burns."

For Glass, China, and Earthenware

VISIT

HUMPHREY'S

GLASS & CHINA SHOW-ROOMS,

129 HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES.

Large and Varied Stock to choose from. All Leading Makers represented.

Sole Agent in Dumfries for the Popular CUMNOCK SCOTCH MOTTO WARE.

Digitized by Google

LONSDALE & CO.,

Boot, Shoe, and Slipper Warehouse,

GLASGOW HOUSE

(OLD STORE BUILDINGS), DUMFRIES,

Have always on hand a Large and Well-Selected Stock, at prices consistent with the quality.

The Four Best Boots in the Southern Counties ARE THE ROBBIE BURNS, FIELD, SPORTSMAN, FARMER — All Stamped

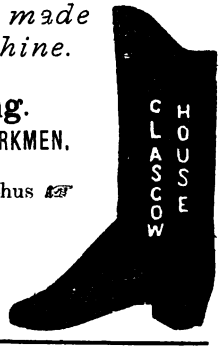
All admirers of the National Poet should Wear the BURNS' BOOTS and SHOES. Call and see them, and judge for yourselves of the value.

Boots and Shoes of any description made to order, Hand Sewn or by Machine.

The Best House for Repairing.

ALL DONE ON THE PREMISES BY EXPERIENCED WORKMEN.

Note the Address, and see the Sign over Door, thus ☞



LONSDALE & CO.,

DUMFRIES.

S. P. ANDERSON,

TAILOR AND CLOTHIER.

A Large Stock of Tweed Serges, Overcoatings, &c., always on hand.
Gent.'s Own Cloth carefully made up, at Moderate Charges.

10 BUCCLEUCH STREET, DUMFRIES.

Digitized by Google

TRAINOR & CO.

(Successors to the Late H. MURPHY)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL:

GLASS, CHINA, EARTHENWARE,
ELECTRO, SILVER PLATE, SPOONS, FORKS, CUTLERY,
BEDSTEADS, MATTRESSES,
PURIFIED FEATHERS FOR BEDS.

WOOL, HIDES, TALLOW, & SHEEP SKINS
Bought at Best Market Prices.

Note Address—

TRAINOR & CO.,
42 QUEENSBERRY STREET, DUMFRIES.

W. A. Rodger,

Family Grocer, Wine and Spirit Merchant,

81 HIGH STREET,

— DUMFRIES. —

Orders Called for, and Goods Delivered with my Own Van.

D. & D. ANDERSON.

TAILORS AND CLOTHIERS,

7 GLASGOW STREET, MAXWELLTOWN.

FASHIONABLE STOCK SUITINGS AND OVERCOATINGS
ALWAYS ON HAND.

GENT.'S OWN CLOTH MADE UP AT MODERATE CHARGES.

Digitized by Google

JAMES BELL,

TOBACCONIST, ETC.,

"THE DIVAN," 5 ENGLISH STREET,

(Opposite UNION BANK), DUMFRIES.

CHOICEST CIGARS, CIGARETTES, TOBACCOS, &c.

Finest Selection of Pipes, Walking Sticks, &c., in South of Scotland.

All Smokers' Requisites.

BURNS AT THE PLOUGH ORNAMENTS.

JAMES KERR,

Cabinetmaker and House Furnisher.

HAIR, WOOL, STRAW, AND SPRING MATTRESSES.

CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, FLOORCLOTHS.

All Orders Promptly Attended to.

WM. M'CALL & CO.,

PRACTICAL GUN-MAKERS

And FISHING TACKLE MANUFACTURERS,

Have the Largest Stock of Sporting Requisites in the South of Scotland, comprising:—Guns, Revolvers, Cleaning Rods, Gun Cases, Covers, Game Bags, Cartridge Bags, Cartridge Belts, Dog Calls, Collars, Chains, Whips, Coupling Chains, Extractors, Gun Oil, Game Boxes, Snaring Wire, Pocket Cleaners.

Every description of Ammunition and Fishing Tackle at Lowest Possible Rates. Estimates given to Sportsmen who use large quantities of Cartridges.

Double Breechloaders from £3 to £35.

All kinds of Repairs executed on the Premises.

23 CASTLE STREET, DUMFRIES.

SCHULTZE, S.S., E.C., and AMBERTE GUN POWDERS.

Important Reductions in the Price of Cartridges for Season 1896-97.

Digitized by Google

GRAY & GRIERSON,

WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELLERS,

96½ FRIARS' VENNEL, DUMFRIES.

Ladies' Silver Watches from 15s ; Gent.'s from 16s. Clocks from 2s 3d.
Jewellery of all kinds at very Low Prices.
All kinds of Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery Repaired. Charges strictly Moderate.

DOUGLAS WYLIE

Has always on hand a Well-Selected Stock of

Men's and Boys' Suits and Single Garments,

All Sizes, Styles, Kinds, and Qualities ; Cut to Fit, Made to Wear, and Sterling Value.

48 FRIARS' VENNEL (West the Port), DUMFRIES.

(Largest Circulation in the South of Scotland.)

DUMFRIES & GALLOWAY STANDARD.

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

Since its reduction in price to ONE PENNY, *its previously large circulation* HAS BEEN GREATLY INCREASED, *and the* **Standard** *has now* MORE THAN DOUBLE THE CIRCULATION *of any other newspaper published in the South of Scotland.*

As an Advertising Medium

Over the wide and extensive area through which it circulates it STANDS UNEQUALLED.

Digitized by Google

Books of Interest for Visitors to Dumfries.

BURNS IN DUMFRIESSHIRE, a Sketch of the last Eight Years of the Poet's Life, by the Late WILLIAM M'DOWALL, author of the "History of Dumfries," "Chronicles of Lincluden," &c. New Edition. With Appendix and numerous Portraits of the Direct Descendants of Burns. Paper Cover, 1s; Cloth, 1s 6d.

DUMFRIES and ROBERT BURNS, a Photographic Souvenir, with Descriptive Notes. Price Sixpence.

ALBUM OF PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS, containing 18 Pictures of the Town and District. One Shilling.

DUMFRIESSHIRE ILLUSTRATED. By PETER GRAY. Part I.—NITHSDALE. Price, 7s 6d.

THE FLORA OF DUMFRIESSHIRE. By G. F. SCOTT-ELLIOT. With a New Map of the District. Price, 10s 6d.

HANDBOOK OF COLVEND AND SOUTHWICK. By W. R. M'DIARMID, brought up to date by Rev. J. FRASER, D.D. Cloth Gilt, 2s.

HISTORY OF THE OLD LODGE OF DUMFRIES (Dumfries Kilwinning, No. 53). By JAMES SMITH, P.M., &c., with an introduction by WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN, P.S.G.D. (Eng.). Cloth Gilt, 3s 6d.

HISTORY OF LODGE ST MICHAEL'S KILWINNING, No. 63, Dumfries. By JAMES SMITH, P.M., &c. Cloth Silver, 3s 6d.

PUBLISHED BY

J. MAXWELL & SON,

DUMFRIES.

Digitized by Google

S~4
9R 616

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

form 410

Digitized by Google